FLAG OF MEXICO

# A LITTLE JOURNEY

TO

# MEXICO

FOR INTERMEDIATE AND UPPER GRADES

By

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CHICAGO

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY

# A Little Journey to Mexico

To travelers just returned from a country where the climate is mild our March weather seems a bit disagreeable.

Why not take this time, then, for a little journey to Aztec Land?—a land with a history more fascinating and wonderful than any fairy tale or romance you ever read.

There we shall find June days the year round, and snow-covered mountains to use as toboggan slides when we wish a change. We may make our rooms lovely and fragrant with roses and violets gathered from gardens in December, pluck oranges and bananas from trees and eat strawberries every day in the year.

In no country in the world should we be able to find a more interesting, picturesque people, more beautiful scenery or more novel experiences.

Then, too, there is no long ocean voyage, with possible sea-sickness, to be dreaded. A three days' ride in a Pullman car will take us to this country, for it is our next-door neighbor and sister republic—Mexico.

Why is it called Aztec Land? Ah, that is a long story, and one I shall not try to tell here. If I should, you would quickly forget it. If I do not, you will

scurry away to the library just as soon as you can and find out for yourselves. And that is exactly what I want you to do.

Your teacher will tell you what books to get, for there is a list given in the teachers' edition of the Little Journeys for that very purpose. And these histories and stories of Mexico will tell you exactly what you wish to know.

But I will give you just a tiny scrap of history and geography with which to start.

## A SCRAP OF HISTORY

Mexico is sometimes known as Spanish North America, because the country formerly belonged to Spain. The Spaniards, led by Cortez, came across the Atlantic, conquered the native Indians, and divided the land among themselves.

Mexico was ruled by the Spaniards for three hundred years, but threw off the Spanish yoke in 1836 and declared its independence.

Since that time the country has had two emperors, Iturbide and Maximilian. But the reign of each was short. The country was in a constant state of revolution, and one civil war was followed by another until the election of President Porfirio Diaz in 1877.

He brought law and order to the country, has served it wisely and well for twenty years, and is its honored president today. To him more than to any other man connected with the history of Mexico are due the peace and prosperity of the nation.

Mexico has a population of about 14,000,000. Probably one-half of these are half-castes, or the descendants

PRESIDENT DIAZ.

of Spanish fathers and Indian mothers; one-third are pure Indian, and the remainder are of Spanish descent and foreigners. Spanish is the language of the majority of the people.

And now you wish to know how and when to go to Mexico, and what preparations to make. These are questions which your map and your own knowledge of Mexico must help you to decide.

Let us turn, then, to the map given in the Little Journey and see what it tells us.

## HOW TO GO

We must first decide upon our route and make our preparations. There are many ways of reaching Mexico, but there is always a best way. See if you can find it.

There is one railway which runs from the Rio Grande at El Paso to the City of Mexico, the capital. It passes through fifteen of the twenty-seven states of the republic, reaches every city of thirty-five thousand or over but five, and a dozen important cities touched by no other line.

The principal mining regions receive their supplies and export their products over it; the most fertile agricultural districts are tapped by it, and the most important manufacturing centers are located on it. Every variety of climate and soil exists along its lines.

Can you tell me the name of this road?

There are other gateways to Mexico, of course. We might go by way of San Antonio, Texas, or by steamer to Tampico or Vera Cruz, but as our party starts from Chicago we shall probably find it more convenient to go by way of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road to

El Paso and take the Mexican Central to the capital, Mexico City.

A few days' ride from Chicago will take us to the City of Mexico, and a month will enable us to see a great deal of this wonderful country of which we have heard so much and know so little.

## WHEN TO GO

Is there any reason why we should not go to Mexico in March? Let us see; consult your maps. Mexico lies between the tropics and the equator, and it would *seem* to be a very warm country.

But this is not the case. Can you tell why? Have you considered the altitude? If you will look very carefully at different points on your map you will notice figures giving the altitude in various parts of the country. The figures show that most of the cities have a high altitude, and this accounts for the cool climate at these points. The high tablelands and snow-covered mountains also temper the rays of the tropic sun in the lowlands.

In the tropics, where the days are hottest, the nights are usually cool. There is little difference in temperature between winter and summer, which in those regions are respectively termed the "dry season" and the "wet season."

Most tourists visit Mexico during the winter months of January and February, but the country is more attractive during the summer or rainy season. This is between May and October.

At this time of the year it rains almost every day, but the showers always come in the afternoon or even-

ing and are quickly over. The only places we should need to avoid in this season are the cities very near the seacoast and those in low altitudes. Yellow fever carries off its victims daily at Vera Cruz, and causes that city to be much dreaded and generally avoided by travelers in summer.

But we are to make our trip in March, and as Mexico affords every variety of weather we shall need both thick and thin clothing—overcoats for the cold evenings and ulsters for the dry, dusty plains. Our rain-coats and umbrellas may safely be left at home at this season of the year.

## WHERE TO GO

Where in Mexico shall we go? In one month we cannot visit every part of the republic. Certain points and representative cities must be selected, which will give an idea of the country as a whole.

Here again the map should be consulted. From that we can trace out something of the geographical features of the land. This will help to determine where we wish to go.

Mexico seems to be about one-fifth as large as the United States. It consists of twenty-seven states and the territory of Lower California.

In the northern states of Mexico we may see the cactus country and herds of cattle on dry plains. If we wish to visit the mines, we shall find them in the center of Mexico. The maguay plantation may best be seen about the City of Mexico, and along the Gulf is the tropical region, with its coffee, tobacco, orange and banana plantations.


MEXICO.
SCALE OF STATUTE MILES.
0 50 100 200 300 400
Copyright, 1898, by Rand, McNally & Co.
R., MCN. & CO. ENGR'S CHI.
UNITED STATES OF MEXICO
GULF OF MEXICO
PACIFIC OCEAN
CALIFORNIA
SONORA
CHIHUAHUA
DURANGO
COAHUILA
NUEVO LEON
TAMAULIPAS
SAN LUIS POTOSI
ZACATECAS
AGUASCALIENTES
JALISCO
COLIMA
MICHOACAN
GUERRERO
OAXACA
CHIAPAS
TABASCO
CAMPECHY
YUCATAN
TEHUANTEPEC
TROPIC OF CANCER
Los Angeles
Santa Ana
San Diego
Ensenada
Guaymas
Pt. San Domingo
Cape S. Lazaro
I. Sta. Margarita
Todos Santos
Cape Falso
Mazatlan
San Jose del Cabo
Cape S. Lucas
Cape Corrientes
Revillagigedo Islands
Socorro I.
Manzanillo
Acapulco
Salina Cruz
Tampico
Pueblo Viejo
Tuxpam
Vera Cruz
Alvarado
Campeachy
Champoton
Sisal
Progreso
Merida
Rio Verde
Tampico
Matamoras
Brownsville
Galveston
New Orleans
Mouths of the Mississippi
Pensacola
Mobile
Apalachicola
Albuquerque
Las Vegas
Chico
Fort Sumner
Fort Worth
Dallas
Houston
Austin
San Antonio
Corpus Christi
Laredo
Eagle Pass
Del Rio
El Paso
Juarez
Chihuahua
Monterey
Saltillo
Torreon
Durango
Mazatlan
Guadalajara
Mexico
Puebla
Oaxaca
Tehuantepec
Guatemala
Belize
Ahuachapan
San Salvador
San Miguel
Omoa
Truxillo
Ruatan I.
Belize
Flores
Merida
Campeachy
Sisal
Tuxpam
Vera Cruz
Alvarado
Tampico
Pueblo Viejo
Matamoras
Brownsville
Galveston
New Orleans
Mouths of the Mississippi
Pensacola
Mobile
Apalachicola

Suppose, then, that we visit the more important cities on the line of the Mexican Central Railway, between El Paso and Mexico City, making the latter place our headquarters.

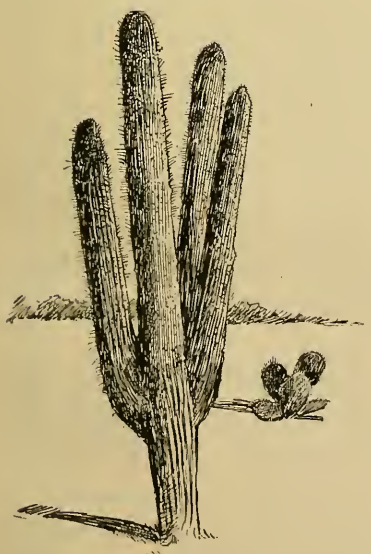
Short trips and excursions on other lines may be made from that point.

## IN AZTEC LAND

Southward bound at last! A three days' journey brings us to the Rio Grande, which forms the southern boundary of the United States.

Crossing the border to the Mexican town of Ciudad Juarez, we make a stop of an hour to have our baggage examined by the Mexican customs officials.

Our first glimpse of Mexico is disappointing. We pass through a dry, barren region devoid of any kind of vegetation except the sage brush, cactus and a little coarse grass.



GIANT CACTI

Now and then, in some particularly desolate, dusty spot, is a small Indian village. It consists of a dozen or a hundred low, flat-roofed adobe houses, and a church which towers high above the humble buildings clustering around it.

A group of men lounge against the sides of the buildings or range themselves along the track and look with

curious eyes at the train whizzing by. Scantily clad, wretched looking Indian women are cooking over camp fires outside these huts, or carrying water from the ditches near by.

But we barely get a glimpse before the train speeds on and a new picture presents itself. The mountains

ADOBE HUTS

come into view, and soon we are walled in by two ranges which lend a new interest to the landscape.

Now we are passing near an immense plantation or *hacienda*, as it is known in Mexico. These plantations are owned by very wealthy men, who employ on them hundreds of workmen.

The buildings belonging to the hacienda are clustered together and are often enclosed within walls or a kind of stockade.

The haciendas are divided into farms and ranches. Part of the land is devoted to the raising of grain and the rest serves as pasture for immense herds of cattle, sheep and goats.

The latter are cared for by cowboys, who spend their days in riding about the ranches. If the ranch is not

enclosed by a fence, the cowboy must watch the cattle to see that they do not stray away. If the ranch is enclosed, he has to ride along the line of the fence very often, to see that it is kept in repair.

Sometimes we see the owners of these haciendas riding over their estates and giving orders to their men. Their riding costumes are gorgeous, and in the sash or belt a knife and revolver are sure to be fastened.

The railroad does not pass through the cities and towns. These are always a mile or so away from the stations. But from this distance we catch glimpses of stately cathedrals and bright-tinted, flat-roofed buildings which make us wish to see more of the towns.

The Mexican Indians gather at the stations in great numbers at train time, and it is here that we have our first opportunity to study their dress and personal appearance. They look something like our American Indians, having black eyes and hair, and copper-colored complexions. But they are only of medium height and are rather stout.

The men wear coarse white cotton suits reaching to the knees or a little below. The legs and feet are bare. Most of the Indians wear sandals. This simple substitute for a shoe consists of a sole the size of the foot, with leather thongs for fastenings.

The overcoat is little worn in Mexico. The *serape* takes its place. This article of clothing, worn by men of all classes, is a woolen blanket, often highly colored. Red is most popular, but almost every color is worn. Sometimes the serape is striped and sometimes figured, sometimes fine and sometimes coarse. That used for riding has an opening made in the center and


MEXICAN INDIANS

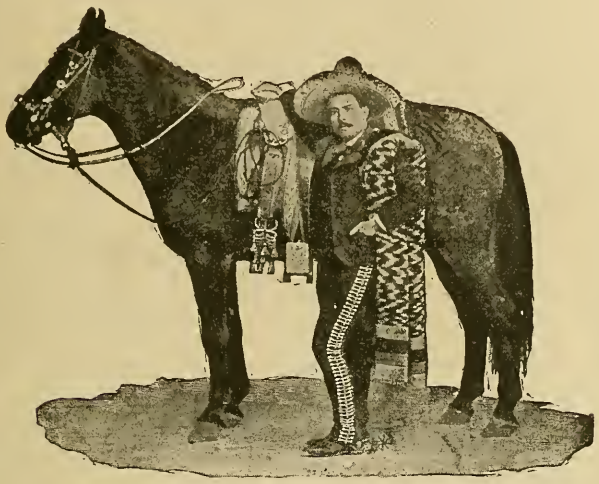
it is slipped over the head and allowed to fall over the body. At other times it is wrapped about the body or folded and thrown over the shoulders.

The most important part of a man's costume, however, is his hat, or *sombrero*. He hoards his earnings until he secures a fine hat, and then he is content. No matter how poor he is, how ragged or hungry, his headgear must be handsome. And these hats often cost a small fortune, or what means a small fortune to the Mexican. The best ones cost from twenty-five to considerably over a hundred dollars.

Sombreros are made of felt or straw, and are sugar-loaf shaped, with brims from six inches to a foot wide. Some of them have brims embroidered with gold or

silver thread, and thick, heavy gold and silver cords about the crown.

The women wear simple dresses of cotton that leave their arms and feet bare. They wear no hats or shoes. Out of doors the head and shoulders are covered with a narrow blue or brown shawl called a *rebosa*. This



A MEXICAN OF THE BETTER CLASS

rebosa also serves as a carry-all for babies or bundles, and as a blanket at night.

The children at the station look half starved, and are usually dirty and ragged. They come under the car windows and to the platform, and plead in soft, plaintive voices for *centavos*, and they rarely go away empty-handed.

Their parents and numerous relatives crowd around the train and offer jugs of *pulque*, the Mexican beer, for sale. There are others with baskets of oranges, bananas and queer-looking fruits the names of which

we do not know. Platters of eggs, jars of beans, cooked chicken, bread, cakes, *tortillas*, and glasses of ice are thrust into the windows to tempt us. The more nimble of these venders dart first to one and then to the other side of the train, and manage to effect a number of sales.

Occasionally a man of the better class of Mexicans appears at the station on horseback, or takes a place in the cars. He wears a tight-fitting suit of dark cloth, embroidered with gold or silver braid and trimmed with gold or silver buttons.

These men are, most of them, of Spanish descent, and are the wealthy owners of haciendas or plantations. Sometimes they are accompanied by their wives and daughters, who dress just as the ladies of the States do.

The first city of importance is Chihuahua, a famous market for horses and cattle; but it is not a typical Mexican town, so we decide not to visit it.

Below the station of Gutierrey we cross the Tropic of Cancer and enter the Torrid Zone.

The line between the two zones is marked by a pyramid. The country all about here is rich in minerals. All the towns through which we pass are or have been mining towns. Here and there by the roadside the tall chimneys of smelters loom up. Do you know what a smelter is?

## ZACATECAS

Zacatecas is to be our first stopping place. It is said that there is no other city in Mexico which affords so many splendid views. Then, too, Zacatecas is one of the greatest mining towns in the world, and a stop

here will give us a good opportunity to study silver mining.

About nine miles from the city the train begins to climb upward, in zig-zag lines and curves, until we reach a hilltop 8,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The city lies in an immense gulch between two mountains and very little of it can be seen from the station.

Zacatecas is the capital of the State of Zacatecas, and the center of the richest mining region in Mexico. It has a population of about 75,000. The country all about is honeycombed with mines, and these and the tall chimneys of smelters indicate the occupation of a great part of the inhabitants.

The city seems to be built on a huge silver platform, for since the discovery of these mines more than a billion dollars' worth of silver has been taken from them.

There are no level streets in Zacatecas; they are all up and down hill. They are narrow and badly paved, and the odors that arise from them testify to the fact that they are not well drained.

The houses that border the streets are low and flat-roofed. The walls are covered with plaster tinted a bright red, blue, yellow, or pink, and look decidedly odd to us. These dwellings have no windows looking upon the street; there is nothing to be seen from outside but the blank walls.

Zacatecas has its plaza and cathedral, as have all Mexican towns, these two places usually being the most attractive features of a city.

We take seats in the gravity car at the station and

just drop to the market plaza, the force of gravity taking the place of horses. In the center of the plaza is a stone fountain. Native women crowd about it, filling huge jars and walking off lightly with them upon their heads or shoulders. Other women seated on the ground offer us figs, bananas, pineapples and oranges for sale.

The faces of these women are very sad. Most of them are ugly and untidy, and their clothing is little better than rags, for they are pitifully poor. And yet this country is literally paved with precious ore. The common people live in miserable mud huts and sleep upon the ground, while silver is carried away from their doors to supply almost half the world.

Not far away tower the smoking chimneys of the refining works where the Indian men work, and just before dark these men come trudging into town, carrying the precious metal to a place of safety. In the streets of the city and on country roads trains of donkeys bearing bags of silver patiently plod along.

Zacatecas is very quaint and full of surprises for us. Among its novel sights is the tradesman plying his trade in the open air. The shoemaker will make a pair of shoes for a customer while he waits. To be sure, this shoe is a very simple affair—only a leather sandal—but it is cool, and comfortable to the weary foot of the peon. The tailor and the barber and the potter also give us an opportunity to watch their work.

The cathedral towers above the city, and attracts instant attention. Both the interior and exterior of this building are interesting. It was formerly very rich in ornaments, but these have been confiscated by

the government. The churches were thought to have too much wealth.

On a ridge overlooking the city is another famous church or chapel, which was built more than a century and a half ago. It was at one time a favorite place of pilgrimage for offenders. They did penance by climbing, and sometimes on their knees, to the chapel.

There are a number of vast old churches, convents now used as hotels, fine public buildings, palaces and bridges. There is a fire department, though it does not seem as though there could be any need of one, the buildings are so massively built and so little wood is used.

The city is full of aqueducts, yet suffers for want of water. The water which comes through the aqueducts is distributed by water carriers who make a regular business of this service.

These water venders are picturesque objects, with their large red earthen jars suspended from straps encircling their foreheads—one in front and one behind, to balance each other. Some of the men wear leather jackets and have their heads covered with peaked leather caps.

The lack of water is the cause of considerable suffering among the people of this place, for to its scarcity are due the unclean condition of the streets and the offensive odors; there is much sickness in the city and the death rate is very high.

Water is scarce in most Mexican cities, and it may be due to this fact that the majority of the peons have an unwashed appearance. They cannot afford to buy

of the water carrier and must depend entirely for their water supply upon the ditches, streams, or public fountains.

The fountains are usually crowded with women carrying water jugs, patiently waiting their turn. Donkeys laden with water jars jog along the country roads,

WATER CARRIERS

and in the mines and mining districts Indians carry water in pigskins on their backs.

When we express a desire to visit the mines and are told of the way in which we should be obliged to reach them, we are discouraged. The descent is made by ladders which are merely notched logs set upright. It seems to us an extremely difficult feat, yet the In-

dian miners climb up and down these rude ladders very nimbly, sometimes carrying loads that weigh almost two hundred pounds.

So we content ourselves with a visit to the reduction works, where the ore is crushed and the valuable part separated from the less valuable or worthless.

The men who work in the mines and the reduction works are anything but attractive looking. They wear almost no clothing, and in some of the mines none at all, because of the intense heat. They get from thirty to fifty cents a day, and yet they never go on strike. They seem to be quite content, but they will not save anything for the future.

The managers find it necessary to watch them very closely and search them when they quit work to make sure that they do not steal any of the silver. The miners are very clever at this, however, and often manage to evade these watchful eyes.

### AGUAS CALIENTES

From Zacatecas we journey on toward Aguas Calientes, through hills and plains, into a rich agricultural region. All about Aguas Calientes lie vineyards, meadows, and fertile, well cultivated fields which yield corn and beans to supply much of the country.

"Aguas Calientes" means "hot waters," and it is from its famous hot springs that the city received its name. The baths are said to be excellent for rheumatism and other diseases, and this, together with the healthful climate and beauty of the place, has made it popular as a health resort. Aguas Calientes is also noted for its drawnwork, and as this can be bought

more cheaply there than elsewhere in Mexico, we are prepared to invest some silver. Every lady who comes to Mexico wishes to take one or more of these beautiful pieces of linen to friends at home—a fact of which the peons are well aware.

Long before the train is due Indian men and women throng the station, carrying bundles of linen. When the train arrives they rush to the windows and platforms, and thrust pieces of the fancywork into the hands of the passengers.

Doilies, napkins, table covers, dresser and sideboard scarfs, and the daintiest linen and lawn handkerchiefs are spread before our admiring eyes. This drawnwork represents days of patient labor on the part of these Indian women, and many eyes are ruined by the close application it requires. This work is done in their own cabins and at the schools. Walking past these humble houses we often see through the open doors the picture shown you on the opposite page.

Many of the houses have no glass in the windows, but have the openings barred with iron, as do the houses of Cuba. Beside these windows bird cages hang, and their feathered prisoners make the air ring with their clear, sweet notes.

Aguas Calientes is a beautiful little city of 40,000 inhabitants. The people in the place seem to have a special fondness for flowers, which flourish everywhere.

The garden of San Marcos, a public square, is a perfect wilderness of flowering plants, shrubs and trees. Here the oleanders grow to the height of trees, and orange blossoms fill the air with their fragrance. Pan-

sies, sweet peas, poppies, roses and lilies fairly crowd each other in this and many other gardens of the city.

A large number of the houses are of adobe and only one story high, but their bright coloring inside and out and their neat surroundings make the place attractive.

The prospect of a hot bath after our long, dusty ride is very pleasant, so we ride out to the springs, a couple

INDIAN WOMEN AT WORK

of miles from the city. The roadway is bordered by a small canal, or walled ditch, which is supplied with water from the springs. Along this canal men, women

A CORNER IN THE MARKET

and children may be seen washing their clothes and bathing at all hours of the day.

Sunday is the principal market day here, and the people for miles around flock into the city, bringing loads of fruit, vegetables, grain, pottery and other articles for sale.

The produce is arranged on straw mats on the ground, in booths, or on long benches. One corner will be devoted to flowers and birds in cages, another to crockery or baskets, still another to cotton goods, which are displayed on a string over a table; then there is a space filled with candies, and another with fruits, or perhaps with onions and tomatoes.

The marketplace occupies a whole square or block, and in and about this the poor Mexican women and men sit or stand patiently for hours, hoping to make a few sales. Sometimes the entire stock of a market-women is worth but a few pennies, and sometimes she sells nothing. One wonders how these people live.

Oranges are offered us for a penny apiece, and a penny will buy us a glass of the popular drink, pulque.

Little copper-colored children play about and devour pieces of sugar-cane; gaily dressed girls patronize the candy booths, and their plainer, less fortunate sisters flit about in blue and brown rebosas.

Ice-cream venders wander about the streets with their trays of cooling wares, and beggars greet us at every corner.

The people tell us that it is a great pity we did not come in April, for it is at this time that the feast of San Marcos occurs. This is a celebrated fair, and thousands of people from all over the country attend it. The feast is something like our Thanksgiving and everyone eats turkey. Many curious costumes, and customs may then be seen.

## GUANAJUATO

Southward bound once more, and this time to the most picturesque city in America, Guanajuato. Artists love to linger in this quaint, old-fashioned city, but they can never picture its charm.

To reach this place we must leave the main line and take the street cars. The road now winds around among the hills, past some of the greatest silver mines in the world, and many reduction works. The high-

way is crowded with a busy throng, and with long lines of burros laden with precious metal.

The city stands in a ravine between high cliffs, as do most mining towns; the houses are built on the edges of terraces or the cliffs wherever there is room. The buildings look as though they were sliding down hill, or just ready to tumble into the valley below.

The people reach these hillside homes by climbing from terrace to terrace, up a white stairway leading from the great ravine. These are the better class of houses, and are built of a kind of sandstone, of various colors.

In Guanajuato many of the houses are four stories in height and are made extremely attractive by their roof gardens, and balconies covered with flowering vines. Some of the most beautiful homes of all Mexico are to be seen perched on these cliffs. Artificial lakes, ornamental trees and shrubs, plants and vine-covered walls make attractive the tiny level spaces on the hillsides.

In the lower part of the town the more humble houses are crowded together. The streets are narrow, crooked, and steep, and badly paved with cobble stones. A carriage is a difficult thing to drive in this place, and it is best to use burros in going about.

Guanajuato is what you might call a "smelly" place. There is no system of sewerage, and a great number of deaths occur each year. But water carriers are not needed, for the city is supplied with water through pipes, as are our cities and towns.

The place boasts many fine public buildings, among which is a magnificent theater built of green stone.

GUANAJUATO

This is said to be finer than any structure of its kind in New York. The churches, also, are well worth a visit. One of the most expensive of these had to have a space blasted for it in the hillside.

But these things do not interest us so much as the mint and the public pantheon, the city cemetery.

The mint is said to turn out more money than any other in Mexico, and is one of the largest and finest in the country. Money is coined here in the same way as in the mints of the United States.

A visit to the pantheon is interesting indeed. There

are few graves here. The bodies are for the most deposited in vaults built tier upon tier in the thick of the pantheon. A certain rent is charged for space each; a corpse is allowed to remain five years, and then is taken out, if the rent is not renewed. If the body has become a mummy, it is placed upright against one of the arched corridors of the catacombs beneath the cemetery, with rows of other mummies. If only bones remain, they are thrown in a heap upon the floor of the tomb.

Guanajuato has been a famous mining center for three hundred years. Wonderful stories are told of the wealth which has been taken from these hills, and the fortunate people who found it. The very streets were paved with silver bricks for squares, for the christening procession of the children of these silver kings. Solid silver altar-railings, weighing tons, were presented to the churches.

And the pity of it is that the people who worked the hardest to secure all this wealth got so little of it. Twelve hours each day the miners spend in these mines—six in working, and the other six in going down into the mines and returning.

The ascent and descent into these dark tunnels are attended by great danger. One false step may mean death. Yet the miners are glad to have this work. The pay is pitifully small, but they must have food.

This food, we find, consists largely of boiled pumpkin, and cornmeal gruel. On Sunday meat is perhaps added, and *such* meat!—the dried heads of cattle, sheep and goats!

The silver mills have been built as strong as forts,

in order to resist the attack of bands of robbers who are, or at least have been, ready at all times to descend upon these treasuries. These bandits are disappearing now, however, or have mended their ways.

Sometimes we see a body of *rurales* riding across the country. These men are the country policemen and soldiers who assist in keeping the Indians in subjection and protect the lives and property of peaceful citizens and travelers. They are a fine looking body of men, and are said to be the best horsemen in the world, They are armed to the teeth, and well mounted. Their uniforms are of leather or of light gray woolen cloth, and their belts or sashes of some bright color. usually red.

An unusual interest attaches to the rurales from the fact that there is not another military company of men in the world with a history which resembles theirs. For you must know that most of them were formerly robbers and outlaws who preyed upon the traveling public and the wealthy citizens!

President Diaz is a very shrewd man. He had faith in the old saying that "It takes a thief to catch a thief." So he invited the leaders of these powerful gangs of bandits together, and held council with them. He asked them how much they made a month as outlaws. They told him. He then asked them if they would not prefer to earn their bread honestly in the service of the government, by serving as soldiers and police.

He offered them wages higher than they were in the habit of receiving, if they would abandon their former practices and become useful, loyal citizens.

All those who accepted were to be pardoned for past offenses. Those who returned to their old occupation were to be shot at sight, without trial.

Many of the outlaws accepted the offer, and most of those who refused to do so have been killed or driven from the country.

"Irapuato!" the conductor calls, and when the train comes to a standstill at this station, we all go out to buy strawberries. Great baskets and little baskets are offered to us at prices ranging from ten cents up. Every day in the year strawberries are offered here for sale, and the famous strawberry farms about the place supply the markets of a great many Mexican towns.

A short ride brings us to Queretaro, the Opal City, one of the most attractive places in the republic, and full of interest to those who are acquainted with the history of Mexico.

It was in this city that the treaty of peace between the United States and Mexico was ratified. Here, also, occurred the first meeting of the patriots to take their stand against the King of Spain, and plan for the independence of Mexico.

At this place the Empire of Mexico received its death blow, and the Emperor, Maximilian, was executed.

Consulting our guide books, we find that Queretaro is the capital of the State of Queretaro, and a city of about 50,000 inhabitants.

It is an important manufacturing center for cotton goods, leather and leatherware, and sugar. It has one of the largest cotton factories in the country

and perhaps the model one of America. This is saying a good deal. We did not expect to find Mexico ahead of the States in this respect. In this factory over two thousand men are employed. They receive about seventy-five cents a day and work twelve hours out of the twenty-four. This would seem small wages and a long day's work to workmen in the States.

But the factory is a "missionary of beauty" to its employees. It has lovely patios filled with tropical flowers, fountains and fine statues, which cost a great sum to maintain, and the owners think it pays.

Queretaro is also noted for its opal mines, which have been worked for centuries and continue to produce great quantities of opals. When we arrive at the station the natives are there with any number of the gems to sell. They hand the stones through the car windows to the passengers, who are very sure to buy some of the pretty jewels. These opals are not larger than the fourth of your thumb nail, and of different colors. Those sold at the trains are usually defective or worthless. The larger and better gems are not cheap.

Leaving the station, we pass under the great aqueduct which supplies the city with water from the mountains. The water comes from a stream about five miles from the city, and is brought through a tunnel and this aqueduct, which is 165 years old.

Just after leaving the city we get our first glimpse of the palm tree, and of beautiful groves of orange and lemon trees.

The train now passes through grand mountains with lovely valleys between; crosses a plain and climbs the mountains to an elevation of over 8,000 feet.

When the train starts down the valley toward the City of Mexico we find places at the windows, to get a view of the great drainage canal begun 294 years ago. This was intended to drain the lakes on the plains of Mexico and prevent the flooding of the capital. It failed to accomplish its object, and now a tunnel has been built for this purpose.

The snow-covered peaks of the volcanoes Popocatepetl and "The Lady in White" are soon seen in the distance and we know that in another hour we shall be in Mexico City.

### THE MAGUAY PLANT

As we approach the city of Mexico we pass through miles of maguay plantations. Do you know what the maguay is? In the United States we call it the century plant, and use it to ornament our lawns.

To the Mexican people it is useful rather than ornamental. It furnishes them with everything from a needle to a housetop, with food, drink and fuel.

The roots are cooked for food; the leaves dried and used to shingle houses; from the fiber of the leaf is obtained thread from which cloth, twine, rope, and paper are made, and the whole plant serves for fuel.

The rope is braided into mats to be used for chairs and beds. We often see these mats in the marketplace, with piles of oranges, bananas, and other fruits and vegetables piled upon them.

The maguay is sometimes called "the needle and thread plant." Along the edges of the fleshy leaves are slender thornlike needles. If one of these needles is desired, all one has to do is to push it backward

into its sheath and then pull it from its socket. It comes forth, bearing with it many tiny fibers. If the needle is twisted as it is pulled out the fine fibers unite and make a strong thread, which is attached to the needle all ready for use.

But the plant is valued most for the juice it yields. This is called honey water, and from it is made pulque, the national drink. The Mexicans are very fond of this beverage and thousands of barrelfuls are used daily in the City of Mexico alone.

The drink is mildly intoxicating, but not so much so as beer.

The pulque shops are often gaily decorated with pictures and flowers, but these are not necessary to announce the existence of such resorts. The odor that greets the passer-by betrays their presence in the neighborhood. The shops are usually crowded with ragged, idle people, but at six o'clock in the evening they are closed.

Would you like to see how this pulque is gathered? Then look at this man in the field where the maguay plants are growing. See these long, straight rows of hugh plants stretching away in every direction. Many of the leaves must be at least ten feet high and a foot in breadth. In another part of the field are some much smaller plants—young ones that were but tiny slips when set out. They need little or no care while growing, but require from seven to ten years to mature.

The maguay blossoms but once and then dies. The flower stalk, which comes from the center of the vegetable, rises to a height of from twenty to thirty feet and is covered with hundreds of yellowish blossoms.

THE MAGUAY PLANT

The plant is seldom allowed to blossom, however, The peasants watch it very carefully in the spring when the flower stalk is ready to appear. At the right time the heart or center of the stem is cut out, leaving a hollow as large around as a wash bowl or basin, and about two feet deep.

The sap which the plant has stored to nourish the flower flows at once into this depression and soon fills it; the collector must empty it two or three times a day.

The collector carries a long, thin gourd, which he places in the hollow of the plant. He applies his lips to one end of the gourd and extracts the sap by suction. It is then placed in a pigskin hanging over his shoulder, or in jars on the back of his donkey.

The pigskins are emptied into vats and the sap allowed to ferment, when it is called pulque. A pulque train goes daily to the city to supply the demand. It is not difficult to recognize these trains. The odor announces the contents of the cars.

A maguay plant yields from eight to fifteen pints daily for a period of three or four months, and then dies. As a plant is valued at from ten to twelve dollars, a maguay plantation is a valuable piece of property.

## MEXICO CITY

Mexico City at last! A reception committee of something like a hundred cabmen meet us at the station and greet us noisily. We do not need to ask the fare. This is indicated by the color displayed on the cabs. Each vehicle has a small blue, red, or yellow flag, which shows the class of the carriage, and its price.

We have been told that the most popular hotel for Americans is the Hotel Iturbide, and when we drive to its doors, we find it to be a palace, which was once occupied by Emperor Iturbide, of Mexico.

It is altogether unlike any hotel we have ever seen before, and the patio or court, through which we pass, is exceedingly interesting. Our rooms are furnished much like hotel rooms in the States. Those opening on the courts on the sunny side are very pleasant in the daytime. But as they are not supplied with heat, the evenings spent in them are cheerless and cold.

It is necessary to keep our wraps on while sitting in the house, yet out in the sunshine of the streets half of the people are going about with bare heads, arms and feet.

PATIO OF HOTEL ITURBIDE

We find no matches and soap in our rooms, and are informed that we must provide these things for ourselves. When we go out to purchase them we find it rather difficult to make our way through the streets. It is late in the afternoon and the narrow sidewalks

are crowded. Each block of a street has a different name, and when one is not acquainted with this fact, it is easy to miss the way.

The names of the saints are often given to streets in Mexico, as is sometimes done in other Roman Catholic countries. The streets are narrow, but most of them are well paved and kept clean by sweepers.

The stores of Mexico have fancy names, as do those of Cuba. But the red flag here indicates a butcher shop and not an auction store. The windows are very attractive from the streets and much like the shop windows at home, but on entering drygoods stores we find few goods displayed on the shelves or in glass show cases. Everything is packed carefully away in boxes, and if we wish to see an article we must ask for it. In all the large stores and in many of the small ones we find salesmen who can speak a little English.

Everything seems very expensive at first, but when we remember that a dollar here really means but fifty cents of our money, prices do not seem so extravagant. Then, too, Mexico is not a manufacturing country. Most of the articles for sale have been imported from the States or from Europe, and this adds to the cost.

The matches we buy, however, are made in Mexico, and the smallest boxes cost but a cent, or centavo. These matches are said to be the best in the world. They are very tiny and ignite at both ends. Some of them are made of wax in place of wood, and in lighting these we find it best to hold the lighted end upright if we want a quick blaze.

Many of the native merchants carry their stock about with them, in their hands or on their heads or

backs or shoulders. They make their sales while wandering up and down the streets, or they find a convenient place in the street or road or on the sidewalk, and spread their wares there.

These street merchants are a constant source of interest to us. There goes a pottery vender now, and not far behind is a basket seller, literally covered with


A BASKET VENDER

baskets, which seem to be fastened to him with strings. There are men and women with trays of *dulces*, very fancifully colored, but these Mexican sweetmeats are not so good as they look and do not tempt us who have tried them before.

Occasionally we meet a bird seller in a sheltered corner of the street, with a tiny brown bird perched on his finger. Other captives are kept in small wicker

cages of his own manufacture, which are slung over his shoulders. He places the little creatures on our hands to prove to us how very tame they are, and they show no desire to get away.

And there goes a man with a bag of charcoal, and another with a basket of oranges, and near by, in an alley, a poultry merchant. A crate of live turkeys is slung from his shoulders and a couple of fowls are held in his hand.

A FOWL VENDER

Flower sellers with baskets of violets meet us every block or two and offer us huge bunches of violets at ridiculously low prices.

There is one vender or pedler who is more persistent than all the others —the lottery ticket seller. These venders we meet at every street corner, at every hour of the day or night. Some are men, some are women and some children. The majority of them, we are told, are thieves, who make this business a cloak for their real business of pilfering. The lottery is very popular in Mexico and is a regular institution of the country. The government sometimes runs the lottery itself, and realizes a large revenue from the business. Every one

seems to patronize it—the poor as well as the rich, the business man as well as the idler and gambler.

Many peons are employed as porters, and it is not an uncommon sight to see them carry barrels of wine, huge pieces of furniture, or even pianos, through the streets.

The first morning of our stay in the capital we are awakened by the clanging of many bells; it is time for early mass. We hasten out and join the crowds upon the street, for we are anxious to see the great cathedral, of which we have heard so much.

In Mexico Sunday is a holiday, and is not observed as in the States. The places of amusement are all kept open and the Mexican goes from morning mass to the bullfight in the afternoon, or the theater in the evening.

Every Mexican town has its central plaza or public square and its cathedral. Sometimes there are a number of these plazas, and an *alameda* or small park. The cathedral usually faces the central plaza. This is the case with Mexico City. The grand plaza is in the heart of the city. In the plaza is a little flower garden, and great trees all about lend their shade to the crowds that gather in this tiny park.

A bandstand is in the center of the plaza, and our guide tells us that every Sunday morning and during the evenings of the week the military band plays here of the poorer classes.

The Alameda, a park near by, is frequented chiefly by the better classes, and there is music there, also, on Sunday.

Every city and town has its bandstand in the plaza and music provided by the government, two or three evenings of each week. The music is of the best, too,

for the Mexican people are natural musicians, and among them are found some of the finest musical performers in the world.

The cathedral is on the west side of the plaza, facing east. It is the largest place of worship in America,

THE ALAMEDA—CITY OF MEXICO

and the richest in the world. It is built in the shape of a Greek cross, and within its walls are found, not one but many chapels.

The cathedral is always open, as Roman Catholic churches are everywhere, so we may enter at our pleasure. People are passing in and out of its doors constantly. Inside the building are the kneeling figures of men and women, for mass is said in the cathedral every hour.

The granite walls of this edifice cost two million dollars, and it is magnificent, both within and without. It is said to have more gold and silver on and about its altars than any other church in the world. The great railings around the altars are of solid silver, and the lofty candlesticks are of gold. The dome is painted with figures illustrating Bible stories, and many rare and valuable paintings hang upon the walls.

At one time this church possessed wealth almost beyond calculation, but it was taken away.

The churches of Mexico owned so much of the wealth of the country that the government feared their influence with the people. So a great deal of the church property was confiscated and many convents and monasteries were closed, or sold to be used for various purposes. That is the reason that some of these fine old buildings are now used for hotels and schools.

Let us climb the stairs that lead to one of the towers, for a birdseye view of the city. The ascent is a long and tiresome one, for it takes us two hundred feet above the ground. But we feel repaid for the trouble when we see the city spread out before us like a map.

We are in the midst of a beautiful valley, surrounded by mountains. Just outside the city are green fields and plains, dotted with lakes, and beyond that the mountains that shut in the valley.

From this position we get a fine view of the snow-covered peaks of Popocatepetl and his companion, the "Woman in White." West of the cathedral is a hill crowned by the Castle of Chapultepec. To the north is another hill on which is built the famous Church of Guadalupe.

And what a host of church towers raise their lofty spires above the houses of the city! The towers of forty-six large churches may be counted, besides that of the cathedral.

The religion of the people is Roman Catholic, and this accounts for the 127 fine church buildings to be found in the capital.

It is easy from this position to see the plan upon which the city is built. The streets run from north to south, and from east to west. They all seem to lead to the plaza.

South of the city is the lake which, through aqueducts, supplies the place with water—Lake Charles. On the east is Lake Tezcuco.

Mexico City is built on a plain surrounded by mountains. Formerly the drainage was poor, but recently a large sewer was built through the mountains at great expense. This will reduce the death rate of the city very much.

On the eastern side of the plaza stands the National Palace, the largest building of its sort in the world. It is low, but very broad, covering more acres of land than any other place in existence. It is not at all a fine looking structure, but it is an important one. It is here that the laws of the country are made, and here President Diaz holds audiences and makes his home at times. The building also contains the chief offices of the government, and a weather bureau and observatory.

On Monday morning all the idle, curious and pleasure-seeking people of Mexico come to the Grand Plaza to hear the band play and see the president review the troops before the National Palace.

PLAZA AND CATHEDRAL—CITY OF MEXICO

On the upper balcony sit the president and his officers in brilliant uniforms. Hundreds of men and women and children crowd about the square, watching the proceedings. After each regiment has paraded for an hour before the admiring eyes of the multitude, it is given permission to withdraw, and marches back into the country, whence it came.

The Mexican soliders are very insignificant-looking little men. The mere exertion of carrying their big muskets seems to tire them. They tramp about the country from town to town, and with them go their wives and children. The march is often long and hard for all, for when the children tire the father takes them up in his arms and carries them. The patient wife tramps along at his side, carrying a huge bundle of clothing and provisions on her head. When night comes the straggling soldiers go into camp, and the women make fires and prepare the poor meal.

The western and southern sides of the plaza are made up of broad porches called *portales*. These extend over the fashionable stores and fine shops, being supported by columns with arches between. These porches are turned into booths or bazars by day, but at night the merchandise disappears, and homeless Mexicans make them a resting place for their weary heads.

Just east of the cathedral we find the National Museum, which contains a collection of antiquities of interest to every traveler. Here are relics of the races inhabiting Mexico before the present race existed, and among these curiosities are many old idols. One of the treasures of this museum is the Calendar

Stone of the Aztecs—a huge circular stone covered with characters that no one has ever been able to decipher.

Near the plaza is the national pawn-shop. This is a very old institution, having been established more than a hundred and fifty years ago. It was founded in the hope of relieving from the greed of the ordinary pawn-shops the poor and those in temporary need.

A loan approaching the value of the article pawned is made. If the pledge is not redeemed within a stated time the article is sold. Almost everything that can be thought of is brought here. As there are many rare and beautiful objects that can be bought cheaper here than in the stores, it is a favorite shopping place for many.

Now let us walk over to the flower market, adjoining the cathedral. If we had been there at sunrise we should have seen the Indians coming in with their lovely, fragrant burdens, from the little towns around Mexico City, and from the Viga Canal.

As we walk about among the flowers and examine the many beautiful species, a dozen peons crowd around us and thrust huge bunches of blossoms into our faces. Flowers here are ridiculously cheap. A few pennies will buy a bushel, and how can we carry so many? But we need not worry long about that. A bright-eyed, ten-year-old Indian boy is expectantly waiting near by, with a basket in his hand. He will carry our flowers for a small fee; what is more, he insists on doing so.

Mexico is surely the land of flowers. Nowhere have we seen such quantities of blossoms. They are re-

THE THIEVES MARKET

markable alike for their size, and for the richness and purity of their coloring.

One corner of this market is devoted to birds, and here we find numberless parrots, cardinals with beautiful red plumage, canaries, both brown and yellow, mocking birds, humming birds, and many others the names of which we do not know.

A policeman stands at every cross corner, but our guide cautions us to be watchful of our pockets, as Mexico City is noted for its expert thieves. Tourists are very apt to lose watches, pocketbooks, handkerchiefs and other small articles carried within sight or reach of the petty thief.

We are much interested to hear that there is in the city a place known as the Thieves' Market, and we decide to visit this unique institution. When we inquire why the authorities allow the thieves to dispose

MARKETPLACE
(From "To Nassau, Cuba and Mexico," by the Ward Line Steamship Co.)

of their plunder in this public fashion the guide shrugs his shoulders and says, "*Quien sabe?*" (Who knows?)

Sunday seems to be a favorite day for the Mexican people to do their marketing, and many of them go directly to the market from church.

One of the principal markets is south of the cathedral. The markets are interesting to every tourist. There one can see the fruits of the tropics, not far away; all the vegetables and flowers of the country; poultry, meats, crockery or pottery, and even drygoods. There are beans, peas, green corn, tomatoes, watermelons, squashes, Chile peppers, and fruits without number.

These are arranged very much as was the produce for sale in the markets of other cities we have visited, but the marketplace itself is much larger.

Not far from our hotel and the central plaza is the Alameda, a beautiful little park of which we have already spoken. We find it a very pleasant place to spend a part of the day; stone seats are provided for those who wish to rest and listen to the fine music; and there are walks among the trees for others.

Carriages are constantly driving by to the Paseo—the fashionable driveway of Mexico City. It is a road

THE PASEO

which leads from the city out to the hill called Chapultepec, on which the castle is built. This drive is about three miles long, very wide, and is shaded on

either side by great trees. There is a promenade, also, with stone benches, and at regular intervals beds of flowers, and statues.

From five o'clock until dark this roadway is thronged with carriages and men on horseback, and on Sundays the poorer people walk along the roadside or rest on the benches.

There are many fine horses and carriages in the procession that files down San Francisco Street about dark, and the horsemen attract special attention with their elaborate trappings. Their saddles and bridles cost a small fortune, and their suits are equally fine.

### MEXICAN HOMES AND HOME LIFE

There are many kinds of dwellings in Mexico, but the same style of architecture is employed that we have seen in Cuba and Puerto Rico.

There are palaces and there are huts of sun-dried bricks and mud. There are structures of hay and reeds, and others built of branches of trees covered with leaves, and the poorest of them all oftentimes cover the happiest people.

Everything about these Mexican houses is so different from what we have been accustomed to, that we find them a constant source of surprise and interest.

The Mexican home does not appear a very cheerful place from the outside. It looks to us much like a prison. High stone walls surround it, and the windows have heavy iron bars across them. Such safeguards were necessary at one time, because of the robbers that infested the land. The robbers have been driven from the country now, but the people continue

to construct their dwellings just so, because their forefathers did.

The houses are built close to the sidewalks, and are usually two or three story buildings, with flat roofs

HOMES OF COUNTRY PEONS

and thick walls. The walls are of stone, but some of them are covered with plaster, tinted a delicate pink, blue, salmon, yellow or cream color.

In the city the houses have windows overlooking the street, and small balconies where the ladies of the household sit and watch the passers-by.

Suppose we enter one of these homes. The front door is amazing in size. You could not move it if you tried with all your might. The doorway is large enough to admit a locomotive with a train of cars.

But it is not necessary for us to touch the door. A servant stands near to guard the entrance, day and night. He admits us now and we pass through a passage to a court or patio. And what a pleasant contrast to the gray, cold walls outside! Sometimes, in walking about the city, we have caught glimpses of beautiful gardens through half-open doorways. But we have never before ventured beyond the heavy carved doors so jealously guarded from curious, inquisitive eyes—and robbers.

The house is built in the form of a hollow square. In the center of the building is a courtyard or patio. If the house is large there may be more than one court. Sometimes it is paved with tiles, or brick, or stone, and then, again, it may be carpeted with grass. But almost always it is made attractive with trees and plants and flowering vines. In the center is a well—or it may be a fountain—and all about the courtyard are cages of singing birds.

The windows of the house open out on this court and here is the favorite playground of the children and the gathering place of older members of the family. A porch or gallery extends around the patio. The porch is supported by heavy columns, covered with vines. This sheltered nook makes a cool retreat fromthe heat of the sun, and the noonday meal is often eaten in its shade.

The first, or lower floor, of the house is used for the kitchen, store rooms, stables and servants' quarters. In order to reach the parlor we climb up a stone staircase, which leads us to a gallery running around the second story. The parlor, reception room and bedrooms are upon the second floor.

The rooms have very high ceilings and some of them frescoed walls. The floors are of tile, stone or cement. Let us enter the parlor. The floor is carpeted and the furniture upholstered. There are two large arm chairs, smaller chairs and a sofa arranged stiffly around the walls. There are lace curtains at the barred windows, but no pretty bookcases, no tables covered with papers and magazines, no cozy corners, or pictures. It appears rather bare to us, and in the evenings, which are quite cold, these large rooms seem very cheerless.

Are you curious to know what a kitchen is like in one of these homes? Then come with us. The Mexican lady who is our hostess tells us that we need not expect to see a stove. There is no such thing in her house, nor, indeed, in any of her neighbors' houses.

We find the kitchen dark and scantily equipped. In place of a stove there is a raised bank, or wall, of adobe about three feet high, two feet wide and five or six feet long. In this cooking range are depressions in which are little fires of charcoal. These fires are covered with earthen pots and jars. Several vessels are placed over each fire. Glancing at the contents, we find beans, onions, tomatoes, soups and meat.

There is no chimney in this kitchen, and, so far as we can see, little use for one, as no smoke comes from the fires. The fumes from the charcoal escape through an opening in the roof over the range and through the open door.

Families do not make their own bread, and griddle cakes, waffles, and muffins are unknown. Pies, tarts, and cakes are seldom found on the table of the Mexican, but many fruit beverages are used.

The breakfast consists of a cup of coffee, or chocolate, with bread, and this is often served in the bedrooms. In Mexican homes there is no fixed hour for the meal. No two members of the family are expected to take this first breakfast together.

At twelve o'clock the family meets at a second breakfast, which corresponds to our dinner. This is the important meal of the day. Much ceremony is observed in serving this and the evening repast. No two dishes are served at once, and considerable time is spent at table, especially at the midday meal.

During the dinner hour, from twelve to three, many of the business houses are closed. Most of the business is transacted during the forenoon. After dinner comes the nap, and afternoon hours are often employed in recreation.

There are many servants in these homes, for the mistress does no work. Her time is devoted entirely to her family, her church, and to her social duties. These latter are somewhat different from those of ladies of the States. There are no receptions, teas, club meetings, or lectures for the Mexican women to attend.

Spanish Mexicans have dark eyes and hair, and dark complexions. The men are intelligent, refined, and courteous, and those of the higher class are well educated.

The women are delicate looking, graceful, and some of them very beautiful, but they are indolent and not fond of books or study. Black is the favorite color with married women and is much worn by both women and children for attendance at church.

A MEXICAN GIRL SPINNING

But on the street, driving, and at balls, the theater, and bullfights, very bright colors and gay costumes are worn by both men and women.

Women of the higher class often wear the black lace mantilla to mass in the morning and the white lace scarf in the evening; but the hat or bonnet is usually worn in the afternoon upon the street or in the carriage.

The women of the middle class wear a black woolen shawl, which they wrap about the head and shoulders.

The young girls or ladies of the better class are not allowed to walk out alone. They are always accompanied by a relative or a servant.

Young women are not employed by business houses in Mexico, if we except an occasional shop girl. No occupation is open to them except teaching. If poor, they must be content to do sewing, or with positions as servants.

When you are introduced to a Mexican he places himself at your orders, and tells you that his house is your home. Of course, he does not mean this. It is merely a courteous way of telling you he would be pleased to have you call.

The Mexicans are not a hospitable people, however, except when living on haciendas, far from the cities. Tourists, or people remaining in the country but a short time, seldom have an opportunity to see anything of the home-life of the people of the better classes. In order to do this one must come well provided with letters of introduction.

Once admitted to a Mexican home, the stranger is made one of the family circle. If he happens to express an admiration for anything he sees in the house, no matter what, he is immediately told that it is his. But to accept anything so offered would be a great breach of etiquette. It is not expected that he will take anything given in this extravagant fashion.

But nowhere in the world will you find the people more polite and courteous than in Mexico. Our attention is called to this every day. A Mexican never enters a door or passes up a staircase ahead of his guest, never precedes his companion if the latter is older or ranks higher than himself.

Every man in Mexico seems to smoke, and among the lower classes the women and children smoke also.

Smoking is permitted in all the restaurants and hotels, in the theaters, shops, on the trains and street cars, and in fact almost everywhere. Even the shopkeeper who sells you an opal ring will smoke while making the sale.

Would you like to go to the top of this fine house for a view of the city? The roof is flat, as are the

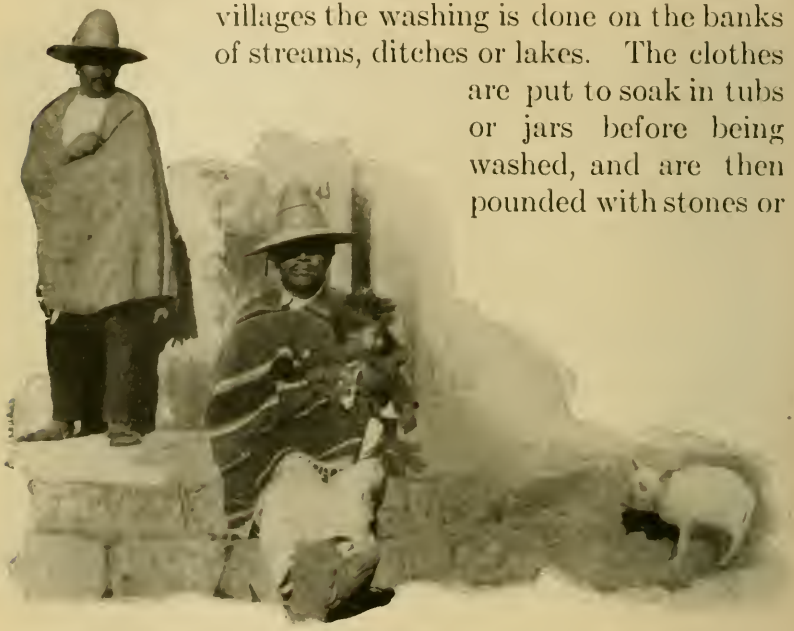
A PUBLIC LAUNDRY

roofs of all the other houses. The walls are built around the edges of the platform, and in warm weather people frequently sleep on their housetops.

Over many of the houses are the family washings hanging to dry. There is no danger of soot, because you see there are no chimneys, and consequently no smoke. Chimneys are not needed, for the houses

are heated with charcoal, if they are warmed at all, which is not very often. The Mexican people think that heated houses are not healthful.

Some of the large houses in cities and towns have laundries, but most of the people send their clothes to a public laundry similar to the one shown on page 55. In the suburbs, the country and the villages the washing is done on the banks of streams, ditches or lakes. The clothes are put to soak in tubs or jars before being washed, and are then pounded with stones or



PEONS

rubbed over the rough surface of a stone with the hands. Fine linen would not stand this treatment very long, but the garments of the peons and poorer classes are made of very coarse, strong material.

The peon, in his picturesque costume, is a most interesting part of every street scene. The people, often

whole families, saunter about in a leisurely manner, sit on the curbstones in groups for hours, stretch themselves in the sun in unused corners of buildings and doze away the days. Many of them seem to have nothing to do, and to care for nothing to do.

The half-castes have lighter complexions than the Indians, and pleasanter faces, but they are not so desirable as citizens. They are the servants, the muleteers, herdsmen, and farmers. They are lazy, passionate, and revengeful.

The Indians are the miners, farm hands, porters, and burden carriers of the country.

The country peons supply the town with pottery, baskets, mats, fruit, vegetables, charcoal, eggs, and poultry. They will walk to market a distance of twenty-five miles, bearing loads of over a hundred pounds on their backs. After reaching the market they may not be able to get more than a dollar or two for their produce. Not much of this is retained or even spent wisely, most of it being foolishly parted with before leaving town.

These people, who make up almost two thirds of the population, are very ignorant and superstitious. They are contented, seldom enterprising or ambitious, often indolent, and not inclined to provide for the future.

Numbers of peons are employed as servants, but many of them have no home or employment, and no place to lay their heads. How they manage to live no one knows. At night they steal into the shadows of the *portales*, and, with no covering but their blankets, lie until daylight upon the hard stones. When the sun makes its appearance, they leave their chilly

resting places, and flock to the plaza. There they gather about the fountains and plunge their faces and hands into the water with evident enjoyment. And then what? Idleness—just that, day after day. Sometimes they cannot get work, sometimes they do not want it.

Now let us visit one of the humbler homes near by. The dwelling of the peon or peasant is a low, square house of adobe, or sun-dried brick. It is without windows or floor, and is not at all beautiful. But it is cooler in summer and warmer in winter than a house of wood or stone. It is also cheap and lasts a long time.

The houses are built close to the sidewalks and usually near together. There are no yards with trees, plants or vines to relieve the ugliness of the surroundings. The doors are always open, and as we stroll along we are able to see into the interior of these homes, and the way in which their occupants live.

There is very little furniture in the huts, except crockery; there are earthen vessels for water, and pots to hold food. Rush mats on the floor serve as beds. Some gourds or old clothes decorate the wall, a bench or two are ranged next the wall, and in one corner on a rude little stand or table is a picture or image of the Virgin.

The meals are cooked on a mound of clay about a foot in height, with a depression in the center. The cook squats by this rude range, and carefully watches the contents of the earthern pots and jars placed upon the charcoal fire.

Outside the hut the daughter is seated upon the ground, preparing bread for the meal. These people do much of their cooking out of doors, and, in fact, live outside most of the time, using their huts chiefly as

places to sleep. This is particularly true of the people in the warmer parts of Mexico.

Away from the city the houses are even more squalid and poor. The one room that must serve for every purpose is here shared with pigs, dogs and poultry. There is no furniture of any description. The people live, eat and sleep upon the bare ground, without light or ventilation except that which comes in at the open door.

In the warmer regions the people live in huts made of poles covered with dry plantain leaves, palms, or cornstalks. Sometimes the cabins have no sides, the thatched roofs coming down almost to the ground. This is merely to afford protection during the rainy season, for the people live chiefly out of doors.

But the prettiest, oddest houses of all are the branch houses of the wanderers of the tropics. We have never seen anything at all like these. They are made by cutting down large branches from the trees and planting the cut ends in the ground with the leafy tops touching each other. Stones are piled about them to make them more secure. When the leafy roof dies, and the leaves begin to fall, the family moves to another spot and builds a new house.

But perhaps a third of the Indian people who live in Mexico have no houses or homes and very rarely see the inside of even a mud hut. Shelter is not an important matter in the tropical regions.

### FOOD

Bread, as we know it, is unknown to the greater number of the Mexican people. They are even ignorant

of what flour is, and have never seen or, indeed, heard of a mill.

*Tortillas*, or corn cakes, take the place of bread. These constitute the chief food of the poorer people, and are always found upon the table of the rich as

PREPARING TORTILLAS

well. They are offered for sale at all the stations, at the marketplace, and at every street corner by a vender who carries them about on a board or tray.

Outside almost every hut of the little towns along the railroad track, and in the suburbs, we see women sitting on the ground making these tortillas. Passing

along the streets of the city we often hear the clap, clap of their hands patting these cakes into shape. Much of their time is spent in preparing this bread, for they are the millers as well as the cooks and bakers of the country.

Before preparing the tortillas they must grind their corn, and this is the way they do it: The corn is placed to soak in a jar of lime and hot water over night, or until it is soft. Then it is taken out and placed upon a stone slab about a foot wide and a foot and a half long, called a *metate*.

Another stone is used to pound the corn until the hull is separated and the grain reduced to paste. To do this requires hours of patient work of the women kneeling behind the metate.

When the meal is fine enough, water is added to form dough, and bits of this are made into very thin cakes about the size of griddle cakes. They are patted between the hands until they are the right shape and thickness.

The cakes are then placed on a hot griddle over a charcoal fire and cooked, or baked. They are not allowed to brown, as our corn cakes are, and as they are without salt, they seem rather tasteless to us.

Butter is not used, but red pepper sauce is often employed to season the tortillas, and in fact almost all kinds of food.

These Indians do not eat meat once a month. Their food consists of wild fruits, beans, vegetables, roots and tortillas.

They make their own liquors—pulque and palm wine—and of these they are very fond. The palm

wine used on the coast is made from sugar-cane, and the pulque from the maguay on the table lands.

### CHILD LIFE

When a babe is born in Mexico its arrival is announced in a very pretty way. The mother sends to her friends a message something like this: "A new servant is at your disposal." And then the friends hasten to the home of the little one and offer congratulations.

And such numbers of babies we see everywhere! In the streets, churches, marketplaces, peeping from shop doors, tumbling about the floor of the patio, and always one in the mother's arms.

Eight out of every ten women among the peons carry babies half hidden in the folds of their rebosas, yet the little ones never seem to cry or make the least bit of trouble. The Mexican mother of the lower classes carries her baby upon her back or hip, where it is held in place by the rebosa.

The babies, in fact all of the children, are usually dirty and ragged and uncared for, but if the mothers are not careful of their personal appearance they are yet very kind to them.

The Mexican mother is very religious and her children learn to tell their beads before they can talk well. These little people are not carefully taught in many ways, but one thing they all learn very early—to cry, speak, and walk softly, and to play quietly. There are no harsh voices among them, and one almost never hears any quarreling even among school boys.

Mexican children have beautiful manners and treat their parents with the greatest courtesy. In this re-

spect they might set an example to the boys and girls of the United States.

The children of the rich are dressed much like the children of our own country, but the children of the lower and middle classes do not wear much clothing. Their suits are made of coarse white cotton and are

AN INDIAN MOTHER

rather scant. The arms and legs are usually bare. Some children wear sandals tied on with leather strings; others have no shoes at all. The little girls wear cotton dresses, but no shoes or hat. Sometimes their heads and shoulders are covered with blue cotton rebosas, like the mothers'.

In very warm parts of the country the costume of the children consists of a strip of cloth around the waist, and the babies wear no clothing at all.

All Mexican children are artists and wonderful modelers. The very babies can mold the mud into marvelous images and figures, which are sold in the marketplaces and bazars.

The children spend much of their time at these places, and the more bold among the very poor are sure to have pitiful faces and outstretched hands ready as we pass by. "*Un centavo,*" (one penny) the soft voices plead. But they are not rude or persistent beggars.

The food of the children of the poor consists of tortillas, melons, beans, and perhaps a little fruit. Meat is a luxury not often indulged in, but sugar-cane is cheap and plentiful. They are very fond of this, and perhaps their plump cheeks are due to the fact that they eat great quantities of it.

Mexican children are not fond of exercise, and we seldom see them romping about the streets. And they never scream and shout at their play as many other children do. Much of their time is spent lounging against the adobe walls of their bare, cheerless homes, or following their parents about at their work, or to market. They walk aimlessly around, or sit very cheerfully in the hot, dusty streets.

The extremely poor sleep by the dusty roadside or under the portals of public buildings, or among the cactus, and make their toilet at a wayside ditch or stream, or at a public fountain. That is, if they make any toilet at all. Water is scarce in many Mexican towns and we see many unwashed faces.

Most of the children's time is spent out of doors. They gather flowers and make them into bouquets to be sold in the marketplace; carry water from the fountain; make clay images, or peddle charcoal or vegetables.

They are also allowed to tend the game cocks, which receive more care than the babies. The fowls must have an airing every day, and are tied by the leg to a tree or stick and watched to see that no harm comes to them.

The poor Mexican children have not many pets. It costs too much to keep them. But the children of the middle and higher classes have birds, cats and dogs, just as do the little ones of other lands.

And another pet they are sure to have, even the

A CHILD CARRYING WATER

poor families—the *burro*. The children learn to ride almost as soon as they learn to walk, and those who live on farms are always fine riders. They are taught to lasso animals as they ride, and to stoop from the saddle and pick up objects without dismounting or checking the speed of the horse or donkey.

The boys love to go to the theater and to the bull-fights on Sunday, and to watch the processions on holidays.

When a child in a poor family dies, few tears are shed, for the mother's burdens are many and food scarce. "One less mouth to feed," she says. The little one is placed in a coffin hired for the occasion, and is borne on the head or shoulders of the father to its grave. The mother, brothers and sisters, and perhaps a few neighbors, form the funeral procession which follows on foot.

### EDUCATION

What can that loud humming noise mean? It seems to come from a building half a block away. Let us follow the sound. A buzz of voices comes through an open door, and looking in we see a school-room full of children.

Some of the little ones sit in chairs, others at desks or on benches and many on the floor. And such a noise as they keep up! They are expected to study aloud, and if they fail to do this the teacher thinks they are neglecting their lessons. We should find it difficult to think, let alone study in such a din.

The discipline is very mild, however. There is no scolding or whipping. The children are taught at

home to be polite, and they never lead in talking or interrupt a conversation.

Passing to another room, we find it full of half-grown boys, studying very quietly. They have lessons in English as well as Spanish, and their classes are conducted in much the same manner as ours are at home.

The Mexican schools and school buildings are not equal to our own; and I am afraid that our boys and girls would rebel if obliged to spend ten hours a day in the schoolroom, as many Mexican children do, for they begin their school work at seven o'clock in the morning.

Children enter school at six years of age. The branches taught are little different from those taught in the United States. Primary instruction is of three kinds—that offered by the private, the public and the parochial school.

The parochial schools are under the direction of the Roman Catholic Church. Instruction in the public and parochial schools is free, and the pupils are provided with books, slates and paper, as in many schools of the United States. The greatest fault of these institutions is said to be a want of thoroughness.

After the first few years in school the boys and girls are separated and different rooms are provided for each. In some schools needlework is made a feature; in parochial schools the pupils are trained in the catechism and taught church history.

Sometimes the children are taught at home by a governess, who remains with her pupils a couple of hours each day. They study their lessons with their mother.

Every little village in Mexico has its free public school. In almost every public school above the primary grade, and in every private school, training school and college, English is a compulsory study, so that in a few years the Mexican people will be able to speak English as well as Spanish.

I say almost every school has its English lessons, but not all. If you will go with us as far south as the Mexican Southern Railway will take us, and then a day's journey in a coach, we shall find ourselves in a large town where there is not a single white person, or one who can speak English.

Here we will visit one of the boys' schools. It is fitted up much as one of our own schools of twenty years ago. The teacher, who is a man, comes forward to meet us, bows and smiles, but is puzzled by our call. He can speak no word of English, but when we make known our desire to see some of the work of the school he shows us the written exercises on the slates in the hands of the pupils.

In one corner of the schoolroom is a cabinet containing small colored models of a number of wild and domestic animals, which are probably used for language and geography work. In another cabinet is a fine collection of minerals. We are in the midst of a rich mining district, and the pupils are taught to distinguish between the ores.

Some of the children who live away from the cities never learn to read or write. Out on the great haciendas are thousands of children who never go to school. They are born, grow old, and die without knowing anything about the world.

But Mexico is now advancing rapidly in educational affairs, and it is thought that at the present time fully one-half of the people are able to read and write.

In addition to the free public schools of Mexico there are a large number of private schools, technical schools, and industrial schools, where trades are taught. There are military schools for those who desire a military education and intend entering the army; and there are night schools for the men and women of the city. Still, education is in a backward state compared with education in many other countries.

### AMUSEMENTS

The Mexicans are a pleasure-loving people, and much of their time is devoted to amusements. Business houses are closed on national and church festival days, and of these last Mexico has a greater number than any other Roman Catholic country.

Indeed, these feasts or saints' days occur so often that it seems to us there must be a saint for every day in the year. And every feast day of the church is a holiday for the people.

Every man is named for some particular saint, and always celebrates his birthday by closing his place of business and taking a holiday. The church ceremonies and religious observances of the people are closely interwoven with their amusements and household customs.

The Mexican Christmas differs in many respects from Christmas in the United States. It begins on the 12th of December and lasts until New Year's Day.

The Christmas festivities are ushered in with feast days in honor of the patron saint of Mexico, the Virgin

Guadalupe. During this period the streets, homes and churches are the scene of one continual jubilee. The courtyards and windows are hung with lanterns, and all the public places are decorated.

The children go about the streets carrying the Christmas Flower, a very large, deep crimson blossom which always blooms at Christmas time. It is highly prized at this season, and finds a place in the decoration of both homes and churches.

From the 19th until the 25th of December the litany of the *posada* is sung and processions held in the homes of Mexico. The word *posada* in this place has reference to the story of Christ's birth. When Joseph and Mary went to Judea to pay their tax the city was so crowded that there was no room for them at the inn; they wandered about nine days before they could find shelter, and at last were obliged to take refuge in the stable in which Christ was born. The *posada* portrays these nine days of wanderings.

Household processions are formed, which consist of the family, servants and invited guests; these march about the corridors with lighted candles, singing litanies. Wax figures of Mary and Joseph are carried before the procession, and every door that is passed is knocked upon as though in an effort to gain shelter. At last the procession passes into the chapel, which is near or a part of so many of the grand houses; an anthem is sung, a mass said, and then the procession disbands.

After this the fun begins. The most important part of this is the breaking of the *pinate*. This piñate is an earthen jar filled with candies, nuts and toys. The

jar is decorated, or else entirely concealed by a sort of dress or mask made of gaily colored tissue paper.

Sometimes these jars are made to look like dolls, or huge birds, or beasts, and they are of all sizes. Some of them are as large as a half grown child.

Just before Christmas pedlers go about the streets with these figures suspended from a pole. They are sure to be followed by admiring troops of children, who enjoy looking at the jars even if they cannot buy one of the coveted articles. The plaza is crowded with booths where these figures are also suspended, and one finds a goodly assortment to choose from there, and at a price to suit the pocketbook—anywhere from fifty cents to several dollars.

The piñate is suspended from the ceiling by wires, or from a cord stretched across the patio. Then each person in turn is blindfolded, armed with a stick, and invited to break the piñate—if he can. Three chances are allowed to each one. When the jar is broken the candies fall to the floor and there is a wild scramble for them.

In wealthy families the piñates sometimes contain gold coins, jewels and handsome gifts of various kinds instead of sweetmeats.

After the breaking of the piñate there is a dinner or dance, or a theater party, and the celebration ceases at a very late hour.

Another popular festival, called Judas Iscariot Day, is held on the last day of Holy Week. The object of this occasion is to heap dishonor upon the name of Judas.

Preparations are made for this event several days beforehand. Booths are erected in the streets and

figures representing Judas are hung everywhere—on lamp-posts and balconies, at the street corners, in windows, on trees, and even from vehicles. The figures are of all sizes, from one to five feet high. They are made of paper and rags and filled with fireworks and powder.

On the morning of Judas Iscariot Day every boy and man on the street has one of these figures ready to be destroyed at the right moment. The ladies come out on the balconies, and the streets are filled with people. Finally at ten o'clock in the morning the great bell in the cathedral sounds, and matches are applied to the figures, which explode amid great rejoicing. Other church bells add their noise to the general confusion. This is kept up until every Judas is destroyed. Then the bells cease ringing and the frolic is over.

One of the prettiest of Mexican fetes is the Feast of Flowers. It was formerly an Indian festival. Flowers are brought down the Viga Canal from the floating gardens, and from across the lakes, and the banks are covered with the most gorgeous blossoms.

Preparations for the event are made days before by erecting tents, frames and booths for flowers. Very early in the morning the Indians for many miles around bring to the Alameda loads of flowers. These are arranged in bouquets, in masses about the fountains, and in the booths and tents.

Later the people of the city come in crowds to the park. They pass through the flower-lined passages and purchase freely, decorating themselves with the blossoms and carrying away quantities to beautify

their homes. The bands of music in the park add to the pleasure of the occasion, and noon finds the crowds still enjoying the festival.

Of late years the Combat of Flowers has been added to the feast. This popular festivity is confined to the higher classes and takes place on the Paseo, the drivewayleading to the castle.

On this feast day the carriages of those who celebrate are decorated with flowers of the most beautiful colors, even the wheels being covered. The vehicles are also filled with violets, roses, pansies and other flowers, and the occupants pelt each other and passers-by in a very lively fashion.

Prizes are awarded to those who have the most artistically decorated carriages, and to the ladies wearing the most beautiful costumes.

The Mexican is fond of the theater, the circus, and of bull and cock fights, and he loves to gamble. The national sport is the bullfight. These fights are held on Sunday or feast days and are always well attended, especially by the people of the lower classes. This sport is brutal and degrading, as bad as our prize fights.

Another popular amusement is cock fighting. The game cocks are carefully trained, and, as we have said, the care of the birds is a part of the work of the children of the household. Sometimes the boys carry their charges to school, and during the recesses amuse themselves by watching battles between the champion fighters.

The places where cock fights take place are known as cock pits. The birds are placed in the center of a

ring, and the owners and spectators gather about and watch the battle with the greatest interest and enjoyment.

There is usually much excitement during these performances, and when all the money in the possession of the peons has been gambled away, they wager their hats, scarfs, burros and anything else they own.

We often see game cocks under the arms of peons on the streets or at the stations, where they come to dispose of the birds.

## AROUND ABOUT THE CITY

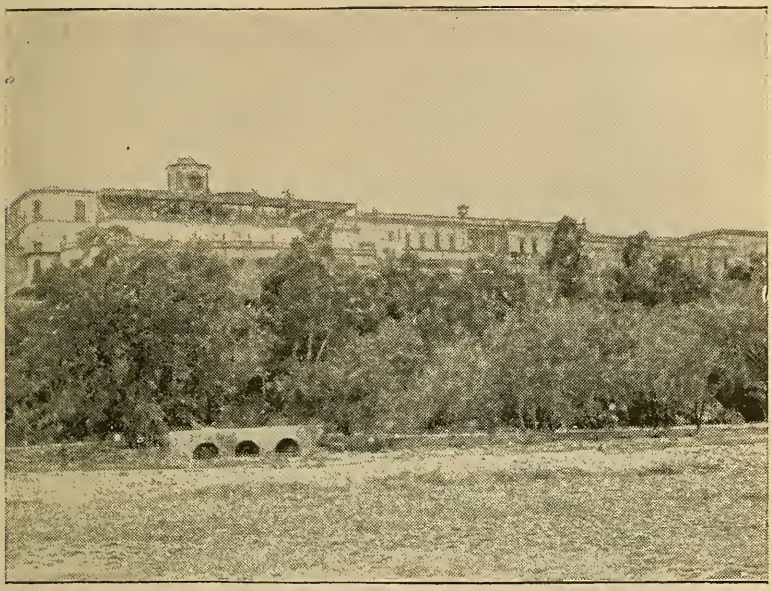
All the street car lines of Mexico City start from the grand plaza, and when we desire a little trip into the suburbs we go to the plaza to take the cars.

There are first and second class street cars as well as coaches in Mexico. The first-class cars are painted yellow. The second-class cars are green and follow a half block behind those of the first class. The green cars are much cheaper than the yellow, and are patronized only by the poorer people. The driver carries a tin horn, which he blows vigorously at street corners as a warning to others to clear the track.

The street cars are put to new and odd uses here. There are freight cars, cars for sheep and goats, and funeral cars. The people go to their graves by street car in Mexico City. A funeral car starts every hour from the plaza, near the cathedral. It has a high black cross over its broad, black platform, and is called the "car of the dead."

There are usually two coffins to one corpse. One coffin holds the dead and the other is filled with flowers

which are to be emptied on the corpse in the grave. The poor people take their dead to the grave on their backs, but they also have two coffins, and they, too,



CASTLE OF CHAPULTEPEC

go to the cemetery by way of the beloved cathedral. These people do not bury the coffin with the dead. It is always brought back by the professional carriers, for it is only hired for the occasion.

### CHAPULTEPEC

Nearly all the points about the city may be more conveniently and quickly reached by car than by carriage, but there is one exception—the hill and the Castle of Chapultepec, at the farther end of the Paseo, three miles south of Mexico.

One part of the castle is used as the summer home of the president and another as the Military Academy —the West Point of Mexico.

The park and hill were the scene of a battle between the United States troops and the Mexicans in 1847, when the hill was carried by assault. A tablet marks the spot where many brave young cadets fell defending this hill.

The castle is built on the summit of the hill, which is a mass of gray rock rising some two hundred feet above the surrounding country. About the hill is a forest of magnificent old cypress trees. Through this wood our carriage winds and mounts to the summit, stopping before the gates of the castle.

The decorations of the castle are beautiful and unique, and no similar building in the world is furnished in more exquisite taste. The views from the wide galleries of the palace are truly grand. On one side are the volcanoes Popocatepetl and the Woman in White, on the other the richly cultivated fields, the canals, the aqueducts, the City of Mexico, and the whole valley beyond, dotted with its lakes, villages and towns.

In the foreground are the rocks and steep hillsides, the splendid cypress trees of the park and the old aqueduct. One could linger here for hours and never tire of the views.

### GUADALUPE

Another exceedingly interesting excursion, and one which may be made by street car, is out to the hill and church of Guadalupe.

The ride takes us through the narrow streets of the city, across the marshes on a broad causeway, where there is a paved road lined with trees. There are many ancient shrines along the route, where the people

CHAPEL OF THE WELL, GUADALUPE

pause to invoke the blessing of the saints as they make their pilgrimages from the city to Guadalupe, the most sacred shrine of them all.

The cars stop in front of the church at the foot of the

hill whereon is the shrine. We pass through a little garden at the right of the church and come to a small chapel, in the entrance of which is a fountain of clear water. From this spot stone stairs lead to the chapel on the crest of the hill, one of the most picturesque spots in all Mexico.

Why is this chapel the holiest shrine in Mexico? The guide tells us that nearly four hundred years ago an apparition of the Virgin appeared to a pious Indian and commanded him to build a chapel on this spot. He told his story to the priest, who refused to believe him.

Again the Virgin appeared, and this time commanded the Indian to gather some roses from this hill and take them to the priest. No flowers had before been found in this place, but they now appeared, and he carried them to the priest in his *tilma*, or blanket, with the message a second time.

When he emptied the flowers at the feet of the priest there appeared a perfect picture of the Virgin upon the tilma. The priest was then convinced, and a shrine was built which stands today.

The precious tilma, with its mysterious picture, was framed with gold and placed over the altar. Although so old, its colors are bright and fresh as if painted only yesterday. The small chapel, with the fountain near the stairs at the bottom of the hill, is said to be on the spot where the Virgin appeared to the Indian.

### THE VIGA CANAL AND THE FLOATING GARDENS

The most novel excursion that one can take is up the Viga Canal to the floating gardens of Lake Chalco. This canal runs from the lake to the City of Mexico,

and is used by the Indians to transport their vegetables and flowers to the city markets.

The floating gardens are reached by horse cars, but the pleasanter way is to go a part of the distance by car and then take a canoe or flat-bottomed boat for the remainder of the journey.

In one end of the craft a nut-brown Mexican stands, in his hand the long pole with which he propels the boat. He shoves the boat from first one side and then the other, and we sit in the shade of the white canopy and watch the passers-by.

On the canal are many other boats containing passengers, for this is a popular resort; but there are also many flat-boats laden with vegetables and flowers. Sometimes a gay party of Mexicans pass by, and the music of their voices and the tinkle of guitars float across the water to us. Along the banks of the canal are walks where people stroll about, and little villages of adobe houses, about which children play and men and women sit listlessly in the sun.

When we reach Santa Anita we leave our boat and walk about among the gardens, which are not, after all, floating gardens. They are only bits of land with little canals, insted of walks, between the beds or plots.

The flowers are watered from the canal, and the gardeners go about in boats from bed to bed or field to field, watering, planting, cultivating, or gathering their crops, and then to market down the Viga.

### AN HACIENDA

Suppose we engage one of these coaches to take us out into the country for a visit to an hacienda. We

have been told that the rich valleys and plains are divided up into immense plantations consisting of farms and ranches, and that some of them contain thousands of acres.

On these haciendas flocks of sheep and goats, herds of cattle, and droves of horses are pastured. Here


ON THE FARM

are raised vast crops of wheat, corn and barley, and in the Southland, cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane, coffee and tropical fruits. The haciendas are owned by wealthy Mexicans, who live on them only a part of the year.

Hundreds of men are often employed on these vast plantations and a superintendent with his assistants looks after and directs the peons in their work.

The owner lives in a large house near the center of the estate. It is enclosed by high walls, for there are many thieves about. The houses of the workmen are

clustered around, and with the store, chapel and perhaps a school, make quite a little village.

At night the implements, tools, machinery and wagons are locked up within an inner court of the owner's house. There are bells in the towers of this court wall, to ring the hours of work or give notice of danger. The houses of the proprietors are usually very large, and those of the workmen quite small.

The fields are, many of them, fenced in with cactus, set very close together. It would be difficult for even a chicken to slip through some of these fences. The spines make the cactus an excellent barrier against thieves and other intruders. This species is known as the organ cactus, because it grows in straight columns clustered together in such a way as to resemble a church organ with its pipes.

The cactus grows best where the soil is poor and few other plants can live. Some varieties serve as food for the goats and the donkeys. Thousands of tons of it are used every year to make paper.

The great fields of flax we see growing on the haciendas are made into linen fiber, and the lint is spun into thread by the women. Other women draw threads from the linen and make beautiful scarfs, doilies, table covers and handkerchiefs of it.

The ordinary plows used on these haciendas are made of wood and have but one handle. The peon will not use a plow with two handles. He says he must have one hand free to drive the oxen. He does, to be sure, not plow very deep, but the earth is so fertile that if well irrigated it will produce two or three crops a year.

Mexicans have a very odd way of threshing grain. It is thrown upon the hard earth, and horses are driven over it to tread out the grain with their hoofs. The natives much prefer this method to the American threshing machine.

The products of the haciendas are wood, lumber, charcoal, livestock, grain, fruit, tobacco, cotton, sugar, cocoa, milk, pulque and beans. Beans are one of the most important food products. This dish is served twice a day at the table of both rich and poor. A failure in the bean crop would be as great a misfortune in Mexico as the failure of the potato crop in Ireland.

We find a Mexican farm very different from one in the States. The implements used are rude and old-fashioned, but the Mexican peon does not take kindly to our modern farming implements and machinery. American reapers, mowers and plows have been introduced in many parts of the country, but the peasants object to their use and sometimes destroy them so as not to be obliged to handle them.

Thousands of the peons work for a few cents a day. They are obliged to borrow from their masters, and are usually so deeply in debt that they have to remain with one employer for years.

The owners of these haciendas, and in fact of most of the property in Mexico, are Spaniards and Mestizos, or the descendants of Spaniards and Indians. The Indians and poor Mestizos form the laboring class.

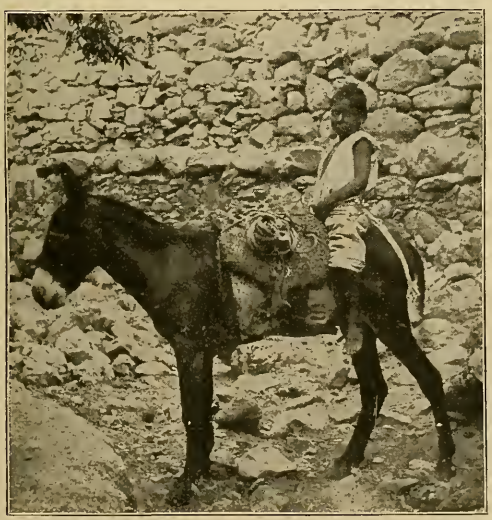
## TRAVEL IN MEXICO

A generation ago such a tour as we are now taking would have been impossible. The country was in-

fested with brigands, and travel everywhere unsafe. Not only the country, but many of the cities, were in the power of the bandits, who robbed and murdered at will. There were no railroads, no telegraph lines, and very little commerce. The brigands kept visitors away and paralyzed business. People did not care to invest money in great enterprises where life and property were not safe.

Now, thanks to President Diaz, all is changed. Within the last fifteen years he has rid the country of bandits. He has offered many inducements to railway companies to build roads through the republic. He has encouraged enterprises which would better the Mexican people, and bring foreigners with capital into the country, to develop its resources.

Today life and property are as safe in Mexico as in



THE MOST POPULAR MEXICAN RAILWAY

our own country. Railroads now extend to almost every part of the republic, and transportation facilities are as good as in our own western states.

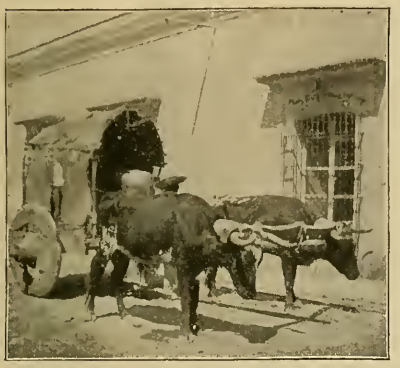
The country has telegraph lines, post offices, costly public buildings and free schools. But it is only of late years that the people have been induced to use the iron horse. Many of the ignorant and superstitious people do not yet look upon it with a friendly eye.

The first railroads were built under great difficulties. The majority of the people opposed them. They looked with fear and suspicion upon the foreigners who built the roads. In some parts of the country the Indians called upon their gods to destroy these roads and undertook to assist by stealing the rails, ties, and everything they could lay their hands upon that was in any way connected with the building of the railway. It was necessary to guard this property day and night, and to rivet the bolts to the ties in order to keep the people from drawing them out.

At other times the roads were destroyed during revolutions that were constantly breaking out in the country.

Until a few years ago the burro took the place of the railway, and in many places today it is the popular means of transportation. It is a part of the landscape, no matter which way you look. In the city and out, always on the move, these long-suffering little beasts plod along with burdens that seem heavy enough to crush them. Sometimes they carry freight, sometimes passengers, and often both. One frequently sees the family of a farmer coming to town accompanied by this animal—the oldest boy leading, the father walking and the mother and smaller children riding.

The people in many country districts convey their produce to the markets or stations in huge, clumsy carts, or on their own or their burros' backs. The ox carts used are to our northern eyes very curious conveyances. The wheels are solid wooden affairs, without spokes or tire. The cart usually has a cover of staves and muslin to protect the occupant from the sun.



MEXICAN OX CART

This cumbersome affair is drawn by oxen, the number depending on the size of the load. Sometimes whole families, returning from town, stretch themselves at full length in the bottom of the cart and trust the oxen to take them safely home.

But the majority of the people are too poor to own oxen, horses or donkeys, and carry their produce to town on their backs just as they have done for centuries. Fruit, vegetables, grain, sugar-cane, pulque, charcoal and pottery are all carried in this way. These Indians can carry a load of 100 or 150 pounds and cover the ground more quickly than a horse.

Pigskins are used to convey the pulque to town, and when these are filled with the liquid and the four legs stick out in as many directions, the peon with his load is a ridiculous spectacle.

If we wish to ride into the interior, beyond the line of the railway, we must take a diligence. This is used

wherever it will not pay to build a railway. As the Mexican roads are bad, these carriages are constructed to withstand all kinds of jolts and jars. They are not handsome vehicles, but they are roomy and comfortable.

### CUERNAVACA

We might spend weeks in Mexico and its suburban villages and the surrounding country, but we must journey on to the other cities, for the days of our stay are numbered.

One of the most attractive cities near by is Cuernavaca, fifty miles from Mexico, southwest, over the Mexico, Cuernavaca & Pacific Railway. The route is through a wonderfully picturesque region. From the plain to the surrounding mountains the views are beautiful, and the town itself is one delightful garden.

Visiting the State Capitol, we are told that it was once the palace of Cortez, and that some of the last years of his life were spent here. During the reign of Emperor Maximilian, Cuernavaca was the summer capital of the republic. The last days of his stay there were spent in the Jardin, or Garden of the Borda, one of the most restful, beautiful places in all Mexico. This garden was built by a man who made millions of dollars in the mines; he spent one million on it, with its innumerable lakelets, fountains, cascades, terraced slopes and choice trees, shrubs and flowers.

The climate of Cuernavaca is perfect, and we do not wonder that many wealthy Mexicans choose to make it, rather than the more brilliant capital city, their home.

We engage donkeys here for a ride into the country, which is full of interest for tourists. There are water falls and deep ravines, some potteries, sugar plantations and haciendas. All the fruits of the tropics are to be seen in these fields and gardens, and after a

THE MILKMAN

ride over these rough and stony roads we are hungry enough to enjoy them.

We decide to stop at one of the little wayside restaurants, and a dingy enough place we find it, with its sunbaked earthenware dishes upon a rude bare table, and dirt, dirt, everywhere. For food we are given corn meal gruel, a meat stew made very hot with peppers, boiled pumpkin, beans and tortillas.

After a vain effort to do justice to the viands we order eggs, which may always be had, and with these and the gruel and beans we manage to satisfy our hunger. Coffee is also brought to us, but it bears so

ON THE WAY TO MARKET

little resemblance to coffee as we know it, that we decline and order chocolate. This proves to be somewhat better, but as the Mexican chocolate is flavored with cinnamon we do not find it altogether to our taste, and turn for enjoyment to the delicious fruit set before us.

## AN EASTERN TRIP

Ho, for the hot lands and the most delightful trip that Mexico affords! We have been assured that the ride from Mexico City to Vera Cruz on the Mexican Railway will enable us to view the grandest scenery

on the continent, and take us through a half dozen climates in less than a dozen hours. Where is there another country in which such an experience is possible?

Leaving the city early in the morning, we find heavy wraps necessary for comfort. We quickly speed up the gentle incline which takes us to and through the plains and fields of pulque which surround the city.

We are now passing through the frigid or cold belt of the country. The elevation varies from eight to five thousand feet above the sea. The lofty mountain peaks that surround us are covered with snow. The climate is delightful. No matter how hot the sun may be, the air is brisk and fresh.

The train descends the mountains in curves and at times we find ourselves on the very brink of great chasms that are too deep to be measured by the eye. It makes us dizzy to look into the depths below, and often we hold our breath lest some disaster befall the train and send us all over the precipice.

We cross valleys, and deep chasms on slender bridges, dart through tunnel after tunnel, and sweep around sharp curves so often that it seems as though we face a different point of the compass every few minutes.

The locomotive used to move the train on these steep grades is a double one. It looks like two engines placed together back to back.

We pass from the cold to the temperate region, where the elevation drops from four to one thousand feet. Here are fertile valleys with green fields of corn, wheat, barley and sugar-cane. The vegetation becomes very profuse as we reach the lower altitude. In

this tropic borderland we see the fruits and foliage of both zones.

There are dense thickets where the trees are covered with giant vines and hidden by rare and curious orchids. New and strange flowers nod their bright heads to us as the train whizzes by.

We pass the foot of the highest peak on the North American Continent—the volcano Orizaba, which is over 18,000 feet in height. Reaching the town of Orizaba, we come to the coffee zone. Banana plantations skirt the road on either side, and under their wide leaves we can see the dark green foliage and red berries of the coffee trees.

The banana trees are planted to shade the coffee trees, for the coffee is the more valuable product. It looks as though the picking of the coffee crop might be rather a tedious task. But some of the trees yield as high as five pounds of coffee a year.

The berries are crushed to get the hulls from the seeds, which are then dried and cleaned for the market.

There are many large plantations lying between Orizaba and the sea, and a peep into some of the buildings on the plantations would show you a picture much like the one on the following page.

The Mexican people claim to raise the best coffee in the world, but we are much inclined to doubt this, for the coffee served to us in Mexico is certainly the worst we have ever tasted. Perhaps it is because of the way in which it is prepared.

High above the roofs of the cars the bamboo canes shake their feathery branches, and from the trees near

by hang vines bearing vanilla beans that are used to make the extract known as vanilla.

We are now in the tropics. The air is soft and warm, and brief showers are frequent. The cocoa palm rears its proud head amid forests of orange, banana, coffee

PREPARING COFFEE

and cocoa trees. Here, too, are the mango, the cocoa, the pretty, delicate pepper, ferns as tall as a man, and rose trees a dozen feet high.

At some of the stations venders offer us small cakes of chocolate, which we find very acceptable. Our guide tells us that if we look from the windows of the train we can see the orchards where the cocoa trees grow. These orchards look to us like banana plantations, but we are told that the banana trees are planted

only for the shelter which they afford the cocoa trees. The latter have smooth, gray bark, long oval leaves, and seed pods four inches in length.

Examining some of the pods brought to us at the station, we find that they contain a number of seeds within a soft pulpy substance. These pods are pulled from the trees with forked wooden sticks and carried to a shed. There the pods are cut open and the seeds taken out and buried in the sand. The seeds are next placed on mats in the sun, to dry, and then packed in bags made of hide and sent to the United States and other countries.

The chocolate manufacturers to whom they are sent roast them as the coffee berry is roasted, and then crush them into a fine powder. Water, sugar, and sometimes spices, are added to make a paste, which is pressed into the required shape.

A great deal of work, then, must be done before the cocoa tree will yield us these cakes of chocolate which we so much enjoy. The farmer finds his cocoa orchards quite profitable, however, if he kills the caterpillars which eat the leaves, and drives away the parrots and other birds which devour the fruit. But several years must elapse before his crop is ready to harvest.

## VERA CRUZ

Vera Cruz is situated on the low, sandy shore of the Gulf of Mexico, and surrounded by swamps and marshes. It has a poor, unsafe harbor and ships are obliged to land their passengers and freight in boats.

At first sight the city is neither attractive nor inter-

esting, and it is very hot. We have been warned not to linger here long because of the danger of fever, and we decide, after a brief inspection of the city, that a day will satisfy us. The streets look clean and white, but the odors that arise from them convince us that fevers lie in wait for the unwary traveler.

Great flocks of black buzzards make this city their home. They perch on the buildings and stalk about the streets in perfect safety, for they are the city scavengers and as such are protected by the law. No one ever disturbs them, for to do so would mean a fine or imprisonment to the offender.

We wander out to the pier and find a United States warship chained to the dock. The sailor boy on guard tells us that it is against the rules to allow visitors to board the vessel, but a superior officer relents when he hears of our desire, and we are shown through Uncle Sam's vessel.

From the ship we get a new view of Vera Cruz, and we find it very beautiful. The setting sun throws a warm glow over the sky. The towers and domes of the city, and its white and pink houses, stand out clearly against the blue sky and the yellow cliffs back of the town; to the left, far distant, the stately volcano Orizaba lifts its snow-capped head.

Tampico has a much better harbor than Vera Cruz, and is becoming a more popular port. The Pacific Coast has a number of good harbors, and Tampico was formerly a very busy one. Bret Harte, in his "Lost Galleon," gives us a good description of the cargoes that came into this port in bygone days.

## PUEBLA

Puebla is a place of 100,000 people, and disputes with Guadalajara the claim of being the second city in size in Mexico. It is called the "City of Churches," the "City of Angels" and the "Lowell of Mexico."

It certainly deserves the first name, for churches are everywhere. Not satisfied with this, the church loving people have built their corn cribs and granaries and even cut their haystacks to represent small churches, with domes and spires and crosses.

Its second name, the "City of Angels," was given it because of the tradition connected with the building of its famous cathedral. The story goes that when the workmen paused in their work at the close of the day, angels continued to build through the night.

Whether this be true or not, the work was well done, and the church is considered the finest in America. It is built of granite, but much of the interior decoration is in marble, or Mexican onyx. There are onyx pillars embellished with gold and altars decorated with onyx. There are priceless paintings, elaborate carvings and magnificent tapestry. There are waxen images of saints draped in costly silks and adorned with diamonds and other precious stones. There are nineteen bells in its towers, though what any church wants with nineteen bells is more than we can understand.

Puebla is a beautiful place, with wide, clean streets which are constantly being swept. Its houses are built of granite and many of them are decorated with tiles. The city is famous for its glazed tiles, which are used everywhere. Domes of churches, roofs, and outer and

inner walls are covered with them. The effect is odd and rather gaudy, but these people are fond of color.

Puebla is known as "the Lowell of Mexico" because of its many manufacturies. Here are produced pottery, tiles, glass, blankets, threads, cotton, soap, baskets and mats, matches, and onyx articles.

Near Puebla are two great mountains of onyx which would furnish marble to build a hundred cities or more. In the shops are many small ornaments made of onyx, and we buy a number of these to take home with us.

Puebla is famous for its pottery, and among the most interesting objects to be seen and bought in the shops are little statuettes or figures of wax or clay. These represent the people of the country employed in various ways: we have the basket maker, the flower seller, the water carrier and the pulque gatherer,

THE PORTALES.

porters, muleteers, street pedlers, beggars, bull fighters, tortilla makers and numberless others.

Most of the figures are tinted or covered with painted cloth, and are perfectly modeled. The people who

A POTTERY VENDER

make them are not trained artists, as we might suppose, but uneducated Indians. They have scarcely any tools to work with. Their colors are the juices of fruits, and native dyes, and in place of kilns in which

to bake the images, they have only simple ovens—or the heat of the sun.

We are told that much of the dye that is used by the Indians is obtained from a small insect called the cochineal bug, which feeds on the cactus plant. The insects are collected, killed by means of heat, and dried in the sun. They are then used in the manufacture of red and carmine dyes, which are very valuable.

Every tourist who visits Puebla makes a journey to the famous Pyramid of Cholula. It is only a few miles from the city and is reached by a tramway which lands us at the foot of the pyramid. It looks much like a small hill, and is now covered with grass, trees and shrubs, and crowned by a chapel.

The hill is not a natural one, however. It was built by Indians many, many years before the Spaniards came to this country. The pyramid is composed of layers of brick and clay, and is 175 feet high and 44 acres square at the base. There is a small square at the top. No one knows what the structure was intended for. It is believed by some to have been built by a race of giants as a means of escape from a flood; by others it is thought to have been a place of refuge or a fortress. But think of the patient labor required to pile up all those bricks by hand!

Climbing the winding path to the summit we obtain a beautiful view. Four mountain peaks loom up above us; below us lie the green fields of grain.

We have a much better view of the volcano "Old Popo" and his companion from this place than from Mexico City. Popocatepetl is one of the highest volcanoes on our continent, being over 17,000 feet above

the level of the sea. It is not active now, though it constantly sends out fumes of sulphur. Many travelers who are fond of adventure ascend the volcano, but as the trip is full of hardship we decide to see the crater through the eyes of our guide.

He tells us that the crater of Old Popo is now a huge sulphur mine. If we were to climb to the summit of the volcano we should see many men at work gathering sulphur down in the crater.

The mouth of the crater is a half mile in diameter, and an enormous amount of sulphur is taken from it every year. The workmen descend into the crater by means of a rope. The raw material is taken out in large

POPOCATEPETL

blocks, packed in mats, and hoisted to the mouth of the crater. It is then slid down the mountain in a kind of trough, or dragged down by the natives, who coast down the mountain as far as the snow extends. The sulphur is next taken to a refinery and made ready for the market.

This sulphur is said to be the purest found in the world. Do you know in what way it is used? Does any of it come to the United States?

Every part of Mexico seems to be marvelously rich in mineral deposits, but lack of water and transportation facilities makes mining unprofitable in many parts of the country. The most important of these minerals is silver, which seems to be everywhere present, but there are also copper, iron, gold, lead, coal, quicksilver, cinnabar, salt, bismuth, alum, asphalt, naphtha, sulphur and petroleum.

### A SOUTHERN TRIP

Let us now leave Puebla for the south lands, to visit the ruins of Mitla, of which we have heard so much. The Mexican Southern Railway will take us to Oaxaca and the trip to Mitla can be made from there by coach.

The valley through which our roadway passes is called the Valley of Churches, and it is well named. No matter which way we look, the tiled domes of churches rise above the plain.

We pass through canons and barrancas without number. One looks up, and not down, for views on this road. Above us are overhanging cliffs and towering peaks that close in about us until it seems there is hardly room to pass.

TYPICAL SCENE

All day we ride through hills and valleys, plains and tablelands. In Puebla we found the days cool and the nights chilly, but as we approach Oaxaca, a decided change takes place in the temperature. We lay aside our wraps and take the shady side of the car.

In Southern Mexico the traveler sees dense, tropical forests from which valuable woods are obtained. The rosewood, mahogany, and logwood are found here. One also sees the vanilla bean, which grows upon a climbing plant, the pepper berry, the indigo berry and the sarsaparilla tree.

The guide tells us that in these forests are wild animals, such as the jaguar, the tapir and the monkey, and that the woods are full of brilliantly colored birds and poisonous serpents. The sportsman finds some parts of the country full of wild game, but there are also scorpions and centipedes to make him uncomfortable, and in some of the rivers are alligators.

All the fruits of the tropics are found in the fields of the haciendas along the line, and sugar-cane and coffee grow in the valleys. Late in the evening we arrive at Oaxaca, a pretty little city with clean streets, attractive parks and a perfect climate. It is bright with flowers, fruit and foliage the year round. Every fruit in the world is offered in the market.

Among these fruits are wild cherries (the juice of which is used in making *tamales*, the national dish) guava, sugar-cane, figs, pears, grapes, apricots, mulberries, blackberries, raspberries, olives, prickly pears, oranges, lemons, limes, bananas, custard apples, pineapples, mangos, zapates, chico and mamey.

Oaxaca is a very old city, and contains many fine public buildings. It has been the home of two of the most noted men of Mexico, President Diaz and General Juarez. A statue of the latter stands in the center of the main plaza.

But we are anxious to reach Mitla, and engaging a carriage we start off very early in the morning, for the ruins are thirty miles away. The only rough part of the road is over the stony pavements of Oaxaca; after that it is up hill and down dale, but easy rolling

HALL OF THE MONOLITHS—RUINS OF MITLA

all the way, with plenty to interest us in every mile from the city gates to the big trees of Tule.

The village of Tule is about an hour's ride from Oaxaca and a little off the main road, but one is repaid for the trouble of visiting it. In the village churchyard is one of the largest trees in the world—a cypress, so large that if twenty people with outstretched arms

stood around the trunk they could barely complete the circuit.

As we near Mitla, we notice that the houses are of reeds, with thatched roofs, shaded by graceful pepper trees, and fenced in with cactus. We come nearer and nearer to the mountains, and a turn in the road brings us in sight of the towers and white walls of the famous old city of Mitla. The ruins are in a desolate place not far from the brown hills, but close to them is a charming hacienda owned by a Mexican who is a sort of feudal lord over the neighboring peons.

It is late in the evening when we arrive at this hacienda. We defer our visit to the ruins until the next morning. In the meantime our guide tells us all that he knows of them, which is very little. According to his story these famous ruins are the remains of a great city built by a race who disappeared from Mexico long, long before Cortez came. These people erected buildings all over the valley of Oaxaca, and portions of their walls, columns thrown down, and monoliths, are scattered over many parts of Mexico.

No one knows for what these structures were intended. They may have been palaces, or temples, or tombs, or fortresses, or storehouses, or dwellings, or places of refuge, but there is nothing to disclose their purpose. When the Spaniards came they found the ruined cities and temples just as one sees them today, but the Indians could tell nothing about them. They were the work of a race that existed before the Indians came, and not even a tradition remained in regard to them.

The ruins cover many acres, but only a few of the walls of the buildings thought to be temples remain in

a perfect state of preservation. There are a number of the courts of the temples, but the only one with perfect walls is the north court.

The walls are built of huge stones, the placing of which must have been done by derricks and machinery. The heaviest wheels must have been required to transport the building materials. This is proof that the builders belonged to a civilized race. The stones are beautifully carved and decorated in intricate mosaics. This would indicate that the people used copper tools. Some of the stones in the wall are from fifteen to eighteen feet long, from four to six feet in width and three to five feet in thickness.

We are especially interested in the Hall of the Monoliths, a large room with six massive pillars of stone that would support a roof of thousands of tons.

The Corridor of Mosaics is a beautiful room with its walls of carved mosaics fitted together perfectly. The courts open to the center. There are no windows or doors except the one opening into the inner square or plaza.

Travelers come from all parts of the world to visit these and other interesting ruins south of Mexico and Puebla. Many have tried to find some clue that would reveal their history, but no one has ever succeeded.

### OUR DEPARTURE

Our calendar warns us that the limit of our stay is reached, and there are yet many places unvisited which we had hoped to see. We are very sorry not to have had at least a glimpse of Guadalajara, Jalapa, and Tampico, but must wait until another time.

Our last day in Mexico City is spent in the shops, buying presents for friends at home, and souvenirs of our trip with which to decorate the "Mexican corner" that we are planning to arrange.

This bright serape with the Mexican eagle in the center is to be used as a traveling rug on the homeward journey and will then be utilized as a couch cover in the "Mexican corner" at home. This little square of linen drawnwork from Aguas Calientes will be just the thing for the afternoon tea table. The pieces of pottery and crockery and the little statuettes from Puebla will decorate the mantelpiece or the shelf over the couch, the onyx paper weight and vase and little Indian idol are for the writing desk, and the feather picture cards, photographs, and souvenir postal cards may be arranged in our Mexican album.

We must also have some dulces and gaily painted rag dolls for our very little friends, as well as coins and stamps for our school collection. For those at home we have cuff-buttons and pins, filigree jewelry from Zacatecas, opal rings from Queretaro, leather belts and purses and canes.

And now our trunks are packed and we are ready to say good-by. Not an unpleasant incident has occurred to mar our trip, and it is with regret and the kindliest feelings for Mexico and Mexicans that we take leave of this beautiful land.

The improvements which are being made on every hand indicate that our next visit to Mexico will find a great change in the condition of the country and the people. Modern waterworks are now replacing the old aqueducts; modern sewerage replacing the street

sinks; modern lighting and modern methods of transportation are making their way to the most remote districts, and factories are being established.

The world is just awakening to the undeveloped resources of the country. Within a few years improved methods of farming and mining will probably be employed, and Mexico will then be as attractive to the settler as it now is to the tourist.

STREET CAR—SAN LUIS POTOSI

Adobe.....â-dō'bê
Aguas Calientes.....Ah' gwäss Kah-li-en'tess
Cochineal.....kŏtch'ê-nēēl
Centavo.....cĕn-täh'vō
Celaya.....Sā-lah-yah
Chapultepec.....Chah-pül'tê-peck
Chihuahua.....Chē-wah'wah
Cholula.....Cho-loo'lah
Colima.....Ko-lee'mah
Cuernavaca.....Kwĕr-nah-vah'cah
Dulces.....dül'sess
Durango.....Doo-rän'go
Guadalajara.....Gwahd-tha-la-hah'rah
Guanajuato.....Gwah-nah-hoo-ah'tō
Hacienda.....ah-sî-en'dah
Irapuato.....Eer-ah-poo-ah'tō
Iturbide.....Ee-toor-bee'dê
Lasso.....las'sō
Maguay.....mah-gwā'ee
Mitla.....Meet'lah
Peon.....pe'on
Oaxaca.....Oh-ah-hah'kah
Portales.....pōr-tah'less
Pulque.....pül'kê
Pueblo.....Pweb'lō
Puebla.....Pweb'lah
Piñate.....pin-yah'tê
Posada.....po-sah'dah
Popocatepetl.....Pō-pō'kah-tê-petl
Queretaro.....Kay-ray'tah-rō
Serape.....sê-rah'pê
Sombrero.....som-bray'rō
Tortillas.....tor-teel'yäss
Tampico.....Täm-pē'ko
Viga.....Vee'gah
Vera Cruz.....Vā'rah Crooz
Zacatecas.....Zäk-ah-tay'käss

From "To Nassau, Cuba and Mexico," PANORAMA OF CITY OF MEXICO—THE PALACE. by the Ward Line Steamship Co.

# A Little Journey to Mexico.

The class or travel club has now completed the study of Mexico, and is ready for a review. In order to make this interesting and impress the lessons learned, let the work be summed up in the form of an entertainment called

### AN AFTERNOON OR EVENING IN MEXICO.

For this afternoon in Mexico invitations may be written by the pupils, or mimeographed or hectographed and carried to friends and parents.

If given as an evening entertainment and illustrated by stereopticon views, handbills may be printed and circulated at least a week beforehand. The following form may be used:

## SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

A Trip to Mexico for Ten Cents.

You are invited by the pupils of the ———— school (or the members of the Travel Class or Club) to spend an evening (or afternoon) in Mexico.

The party starts promptly at 1:30 P. M. (or 8 P. M.), March the ——. Those desiring to take this trip should secure tickets before the day of departure, as the party is limited. Guides are furnished free.

The proceeds of this entertainment are to be used in the purchase of a library and of pictures and stereopticon views for the school.

SUGGESTIONS.

The exercises should be conducted and the talks given by the pupils themselves. Some topic should be selected by each pupil, or assigned to him, and with this topic he should become thoroughly familiar.

Geographies, books of travel, magazine articles and newspapers should be consulted until each pupil has his subject well in hand. He should also, where possible, secure photographs, pictures or objects with which to illustrate his talk. At its close these should be placed upon a table, or the chalk tray, that visitors may examine them more closely.

If the entertainment is given in the evening, the teacher may be able to use stereopticon views.

These will prove a very great attraction to both pupils and parents, and should be secured if possible. The lantern with oil lamp may be easily operated by the teacher while the pupils give the descriptions of the pictures or give talks about the country.

The lanterns and slides may be rented for the evening or afternoon at reasonable rates, and the cost covered by an admission fee of from ten to twenty-five cents.

A leader or guide may be appointed to make the introductory remarks, and to announce the numbers of the programme.

Other pupils speak of the journey to Mexico, the people, industries, plant and animal life, scenery and special features of the country.

In describing the homes, miniature adobe huts which have been constructed on the sand table, may be shown. In speaking of the costumes or clothing of the people, show the zerape, rebaso, a sombrero hat and the sandal.

In speaking of the classes of people, show dolls dressed to represent the peon, the middle class, the cow boy, the ranchman, and the higher class people,

In the stores colored clay or wax figures may be found, which are faithful miniature reproductions of the people and groups of people engaged in various occupations in Mexico.

These would make very interesting additions to the curio table and give a clear idea of the picturesque street vendors, the water carrier, the man gathering pulque from the maguay plant and the women making tortillas, and others.

The following poems, suitable for recitations, may be found in "Poems of Places," Vol. XXV (compiled by Longfellow):

"El Palo Santo," page 122; "Monterey," page 143; "Popocatapetl," page 150.

A poem which will make an excellent number for the programme if read is, "The Lost Galleon," by Bret Harte.

A couple of tableaux may easily be arranged, one representing the peon in the cooler parts of Mexico, with blanket wrapped about him, and high felt hat, and others dressed in cotton, as the peons are dressed in warmer weather or climates.

A child may be posed with a large Mexican jar or water bottle on her head or shoulder, as represented in the picture.

### CONUNDRUMS.

A pupil may give to the school these two Mexican conundrums:

1. "Red inside and like bran outside?" Answer: "The maney" (one of the favorite fruits of Mexico).

2. "Throw it up green it comes down red?" Answer, "The watermelon."

### ROOM DECORATION.

The walls of the school room, or of a small recitation room leading out of the main room, may be covered with pale gray cheesecloth, to imitate the white-washed adobe walls of a Mexican house.

Rugs of Indian blankets or gray matting may cover the platform and the aisles, and rugs may also be thrown over the benches and the seats arranged for visitors.

Palms, potted orange or lemon trees, a cactus or century plant or foliage plants may be banked around the walls to simulate the *patio*, or enclosed court or garden of the Mexican home.

Borrow a number of bird cages with their feathered occupants and hang about the room.

Have the desk and one or more tables covered with cloths of Mexican drawn work and on the organ, desk and window sills vases or little Mexican baskets filled with flowers, and set on doilies of drawn work.

Here and there large red or brown water jars may be placed, and in them great bouquets of yellow mustard, poppy blossoms,

or any other flower grown in Mexico that can be obtained in quantities.

The place of honor in the center of the blackboard, just over the platform, may be given to the Mexican flag and a picture of President Diaz.

Sketches of Mexican homes and people may be placed upon the board with colored crayons, also a snow-covered volcano to represent old "Popo," and pictures of the palm, banana and coffee tree.

### A LOAN COLLECTION AND A MARKET PLACE.

A number of articles loaned for the afternoon might be arranged on a table and placarded the "Government Pawn Shop." A description of this unique and interesting establishment might be given as a part of the programme, and guests invited to examine the articles for sale at the close of the exercises.

Among the articles placed in this collection or in booths for sale arrange souvenir postal cards, Mexican Christmas, Easter and birthday cards bearing pictures, words or designs worked out in colored feathers, photographs, carved leather articles such as belts, bags, pocketbooks, music rolls, gold and silver filigree work, opals, or articles of jewelry containing these jewels, paper weights or other articles made of onyx, silver coins and jewelry, Mexican hats, blankets, baskets, wax and clay figures, pieces of drawn work, pottery, an Indian god or idol, hammocks.

A book which pupils will be sure to enjoy if added to the loan collection of Mexican articles will be a "Burro Book." It contains pictures of this faithful, patient little animal, engaged in the many and varied tasks assigned to it in Mexico.

Upon the product table arrange an exhibit of such articles as jalop, cochineal, quick silver, vanilla, sarsaparilla, mahogany, gold, silver, copper, sulphur, tortoise-shell, hemp, Spanish pepper, coffee, rice, rubber, orchil, horse hair, bananas, oranges, limes, sugar corn, wheat, beans, cotton, barley, tobacco, cabinet woods, sulphur, caoutchoue, matches.

A Mexican market place, or a "corner" in a market may

easily be arranged by studying the pictures of market places in various books on Mexico.

A piece of matting may be fastened to the top of a broom handle to serve as a shelter for the market woman. She may pile up oranges, bananas or other fruits about her.

Others may be seated near with vegetables, candies, or little cakes to sell.

A basket vendor, almost covered with baskets of all sizes, may wander about and offer his wares for sale.

A flower girl may carry a basket or tray about and sell violets. Tiny bunches of artificial violets would do for this purpose.

COSTUMES.

Two or more dark-eyed boys may be dressed in Spanish-Mexican costumes and open the door for visitors and conduct them to seats. Others may recite, play the guitar, sing, serve refreshments, or pose in tableaux.

They may wear jackets of black or dark cloth trimmed with gold or silver braid and buttons of red or yellow; pants with the same kind of trimming up each side, dark stockings and low shoes. A straw or felt sombrero (hat) completes the costume.

The boys who act as vendors or merchants in the Mexican market place may wear white suits and large straw hats, but no shoes or stockings.

The market girls may wear very simply made calico gowns, with rather low necks and sleeves reaching only a little below the elbow. Around the shoulders wrap a blue calico or black wool shawl. The hair is worn hanging straight down around the face and shoulders.

The Mexican girls of the higher class may wear any bright costume. The hair may be coiled high on the head and held in place by a comb, or, if the girls are small, may be crimped and allowed to flow freely over the shoulders. Two or three of these girls may have black lace scarfs or mantillas draped over the head and about the lower part of the face.

The pupils who take the part of Mexicans should have black eyes and hair. The faces, hands and feet should be colored with brown chalk, sold especially for this purpose.

### REFRESHMENTS.

These may be served at the close of the entertainment, but will need to be quite simple, because the national dishes of Mexico will be too difficult to prepare.

Coffee and chocolate may be served with rolls or little cookies. These last may be placed in little baskets and set upon the table with dulces, or Mexican candies and fruits.

The coffee, chocolate or pineapple water may be placed upon the table in Mexican jugs or water bottles and served in native earthen cups, mugs, or bowls.

The pineapple water is one of the favorite drinks of the people, and will be found fit for a king.

To make it, beat, roll or grind the pineapple very fine, run it through a sieve and add water to make it sufficiently thin to drink. Add sugar and ice and allow it to stand before serving.

Oranges, bananas, pineapple and any other fruits grown in Mexico may also be served.

### CLASS WORK.

In the back of the little journey, on the third and fourth pages of the cover and the last two pages of the book will be found descriptions of routes and maps to consult in planning our journey to Mexico.

Other routes should be discussed before this is decided upon. The Mexican Central and Southern Pacific Railway issue booklets which contain many excellent pictures of Mexican people and scenes. These may be removed and mounted upon card board for class purposes.

A large map given in the booklet entitled: "Facts and figures about Mexico" will be useful to the guide who conducts us through Mexico, if removed from the book and fastened to the board.

This book, issued by the Mexican Central Railway, calls attention to the triangular shape of North America, and to its narrowest part (at the Isthmus of Panama), which is but fifty miles.

What do the pupils know of the Panama Canal under con-

struction? Speak of the great value of such a canal to North America.

Have pupils tell what they can of the proposed Nicaragua Ship Canal. What is the Eastern terminus? (Greytown.) Its Western terminus? (Brito.) Trace its course through the San Juan River, across Lake Nicaragua. What oceans will this join?

What countries will be most benefited by this canal? (America and the West.)

When this canal is finished what course will vessels take, leaving New York for San Francisco, Japan, China, the Philippine Islands and Australia? How many days' time will be saved on such trips? Eight thousand miles would be saved a steamer between New York and San Francisco.

In what ways are Mexico and Central America alike? In what way different? To what is the great difference in climate in different parts of this country due?

Why are so many different varieties of plant life to be found in Mexico?

Has the mineral wealth of the country been of great benefit to the Mexicans?

What class of people does the mineral wealth often attract to a country?

Are people who are anxious to make money quickly, without work, the most desirable citizens?

Is Mexico a manufacturing country? Why not? (Lack of coal and other fuel.)

What has hindered the prosperity of the country for many years? (Political disturbances and petty civil wars.) President Diaz is doing much to bring about a better condition of things. The building of railways will make it possible to keep down these insurrections and afford transportation which is so necessary to the prosperity of a people.

The country has also suffered from earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

Study the kind and locality of the mining industries, the railroads of Mexico and Central America.

Study the war with Mexico and the cause.

Pupils of city schools will be able to take excursions to museums and see the tools, pottery and clothing worn by the Aztecs. A knowledge of their government and social life may be gained from reference books.

Compare these with social life and government of other Indian tribes.

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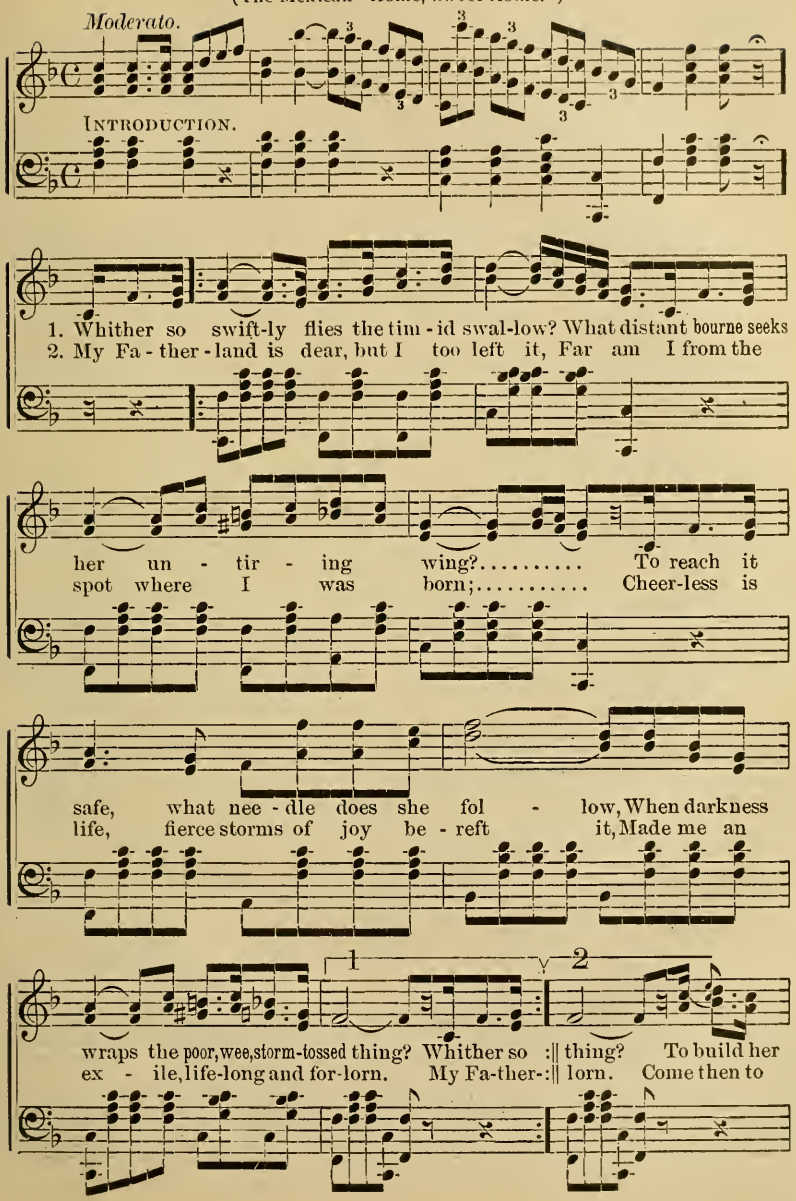
## MEXICO CITY.

From early morning till the midnoon hour
We travelled in the mountains, then a plain
Opened below, and rose upon the sight
Like boundless ocean from a hill top seen.
A beautiful and populous plain it was;
Fair woods were there, and fertilizing streams,
And pastures spreading wide, and villages
In fruitful groves embowered, and stately towns,
And many a single dwelling specking it,
As tho' for many a year the land had been
The land of peace. Below us where the base
Of the great mountain to the level sloped,
A broad, blue lake extended far and wide,
Its waters dark beneath the light of noon.
There Aztlan stood upon the farther shore;
Amid the shade of trees its dwellings rose,
Their level roofs with turrets set around,
And battlements all burnished white, which shone
Like silver in the sunshine. I beheld
The imperial city, her far-circling walls,
Her garden groves and stately palaces,
Her temples mountain size, her thousand roofs;
And when I saw her might and majesty,
My mind misgave me then.

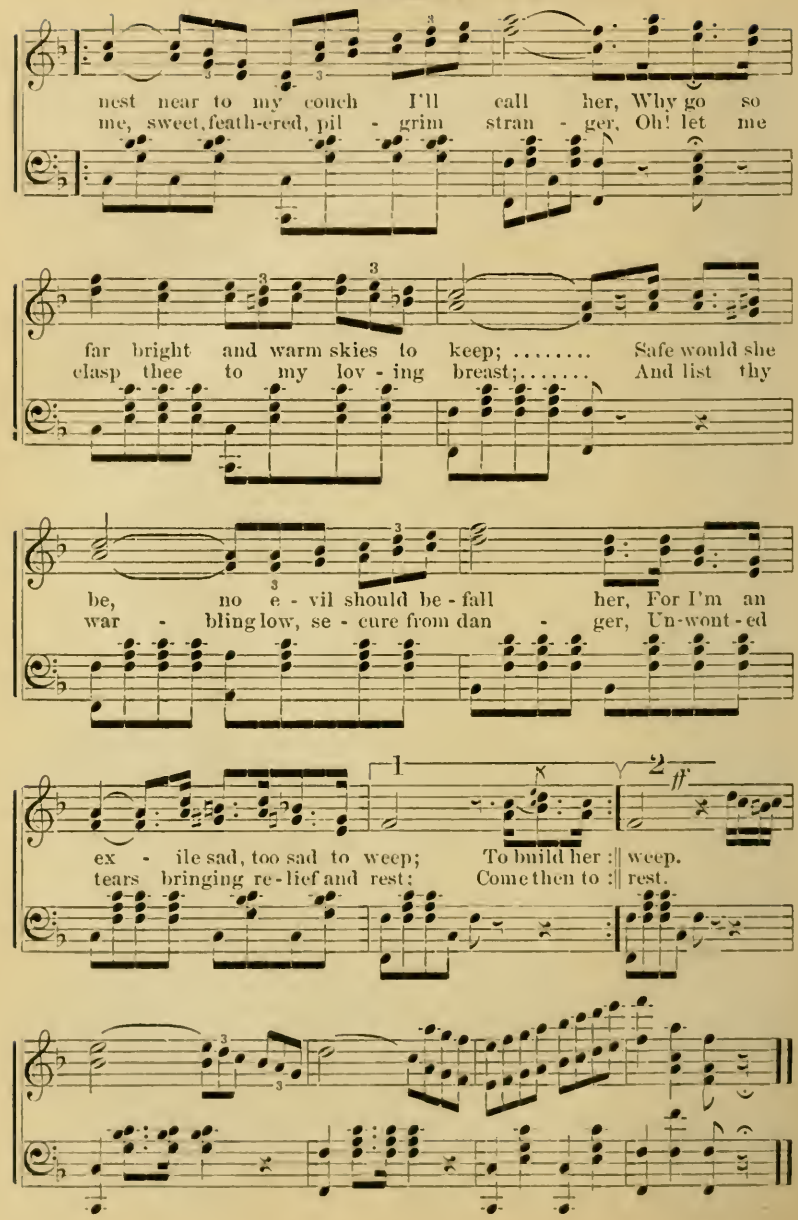
—Robert Southey.

# LA GOLONDRINA.

(The Mexican "Home, Sweet Home.")



# LA GOLONDRINA Concluded.



## AN AFTERNOON IN MEXICO.

PROGRAMME.

1. Introductory remarks by the guide.
2. Recitation.
3. A scrap of history.
4. National hymn of Mexico (in World's Fair Collection of Songs or in Mrs. Gooch's book "Face to Face with the Mexicans."
5. How to go to Mexico.
6. When to go.
7. Where to go.
8. In Aztec Land or Northern Mexico.
9. Tableau: "A group of Mexican Peons."
10. Song: "La Paloma," a favorite song of the common people, in "Face to Face with Mexicans."
11. City of Zacatecas.
12. Aguas Calientes. (Pupil may show drawn work at close of remarks.)
13. Guanajuato.
14. The maguay plant. (Pupil may show some article made of it.)
15. Mexico City.
16. Jaunts about the city.
17. Homes and Home Life.
18. Song: "Mexican Home, Sweet Home," given on another page of the Little Journey to Mexico
19. Child life.
20. Tableau: "Child with water jar."
21. Education.
22. Amusements.
23. Travel in Mexico.
24. Southern Mexico.
25. Western Mexico.
26. Reading: "The Last Galleon," by Bret Harte.
27. Eastern Mexico.
28. Homeward Bound.
29. Song: American "Home, Sweet Home."

## THE TRAVEL CLASS.

Nothing in the study of geography is more interesting or helpful to pupils than the taking of imaginary journeys. It makes geography a *live* subject.

Suggest that your pupils organize a Travel Club, and that some of the trips be personally conducted.

Maps and a globe should be in constant use. The home should be the starting point. Railroad circulars, maps and time cards for free distribution will be found valuable. Pupils should be taught how to *use* these maps and time cards.

Give pupils a choice as to routes or roads over which they are to travel. Each pupil, however, should be able to give a reason for his preference for any particular road, and must know the number of miles and the time required for the journey. The road or route voted upon by the majority may then be decided upon, and preparations made for the trip.

Find out the best time to go to each particular country, and the reason. What clothes it will be best to wear and to take with one. About how much money it will be necessary to spend on such a trip, and when and where this money should be changed into the coin or currency used in the country we expect to visit.

A *Guide* may be appointed to obtain time-tables, maps, railroad guides, the little books of travel, or other descriptions of routes and of the parts of the country that are to be visited. (Further suggestions in regard to these "helps" will be found elsewhere in this book.)

The principal features of the country passed through may be described, if time permits; also the more important cities. Note the population, occupations, productions, together with anything of special interest or historical importance associated with the city or locality.

The *Guide* takes charge of the class in the same way that a tourist guide would do. He escorts us from the home depot to the city, state, or country, pointing out the route on a map suspended before the class.

Arriving at the city or country, he takes us to the various

points of interest, telling as much about each as he is able, and answering questions pupils may wish to ask. If the guide can not answer all questions, the teacher or some other member of the party may.

When the guide has finished with a topic or section, other members of the party may give items of interest concerning it.

A different pupil may act as guide to each city or part of the country visited, and each pupil should come to the class with a list of questions about the places.

Every pupil in the class may take some part, either as guide, or as the class artist, musician, librarian, historian, geographer, geologist, botanist, zoologist, or man of letters.

A *Historian* may tell us of the history of the country, and answer all questions of historical interest.

A *Geographer* may tell of the location on the globe, of the natural land formations of mountains, canons, prairies, rivers, etc., and of the climate resulting from these. He should illustrate his remarks.

A *Geologist* may assist, and show specimens of minerals and fossils, or pictures of these.

A *Botanist* may tell us of native plants, useful or ornamental, and show pictures of these if possible. A *Zoologist* tells of the native animals, their habits and uses.

The geographer, geologist, botanist, and zoologist direct the work at the sand table, and assist in reproducing the country in miniature.

The *Merchants and Tradesmen* tell us of the products for which their country is noted, and show samples of as many as it is possible to secure. They also tell what they import, and why.

A *Librarian* or Correspondent may visit the library for information sought by the club. He must be able to give a list of books of travel, and be ready to read or quote extracts referring to the places visited on the tour.

He or his assistant may also clip all articles of interest from papers, magazines, and other sources, and arrange these, as well

as the articles secured by other pupils, in a scrapbook, devoted to each country.

The *Artist* and his assistant may tell us about the famous artists and their works, if any. He may illustrate his remarks with pictures, if he can obtain them or make them.

The *Club Artist* map also place upon the board in colored crayons the flag, the coat of arms, and the national flower of the country.

A *Photographer* may be appointed to provide or to care for the photographs and pictures used in the class talks. The photographs may often be borrowed from tourists or others. Pictures may be obtained from magazines, railroad pamphlets, the illustrated papers, or from the Perry Pictures, and mounted on cardboard or arranged by the artist in a scrapbook with the name of the country on the cover.

If the members of the travel or geography class are not provided with the "LITTLE JOURNEYS," the teacher should have at least two copies. The pictures from one of these books should be removed and mounted for class use. They may be mounted on a screen, or on cardboard, and placed about the room or grouped in a corner. They should be allowed to remain there during the month, that all the pupils may have an opportunity to examine them.

Another pupil may collect curiosities. Many families in each neighborhood will be able to contribute some curio. Pupils in other rooms in the building will be interested in collecting and loaning material for this little museum and picture gallery.

# REFERENCE BOOKS.

Mexico ..... Mary E. Blake
Mexico ..... M. F. Sullivan
Travels in Mexico ..... Ober
Mexico Today ..... Brocklehurst
Summerland Sketches ..... Oswal
Mexico ..... Wilson
Wealth of Mexico ..... Anderson
Tour in Mexico ..... Bandelier
A Trip to Mexico ..... Beecher
Mexico ..... Conkling
Cortez, Montezuma and Mexico ..... Bess Mitchell
Face to Face with the Mexicans ..... Gooch
A Peep at Mexico ..... Geiger
Our Next Door Neighbor ..... Haven
South by West ..... Kingsley
Story of Mexico ..... Susan Hale
Conquest of Mexico ..... Prescott
Mexico ..... Ballou
Mexico Today ..... Griffin
Modern Hand Books ..... Janvier, Conkling and Hamilton
Mexico ..... The Bureau of American Republics, Washington, D. C ..... 50 cents
A Flight to Mexico ..... Auberton
Guide Book by ..... Janvier
Guide Book by ..... Conkling
Our Next Door Neighbor ..... Bishop Haven
Conquest of Mexico ..... Prescott
Campbell's Guide to Mexico ..... $ 1 50
Guide to Mexico, Appleton ..... 1 50
Baedeker, "The United States," (with an Excursion into Mexico,) Scribner ..... 3 60
Resources and development of Mexico, by Bancroft ..... 4 50
Geographical and Statistical Notes on Mexico, by Romero, Putnam ..... 2 00
Mexico of to-day, Griffin. (Harper) ..... 1 50
The Awakening of a Nation, Lumis. (Harper) ..... 2 50

Price, 15 Cents

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